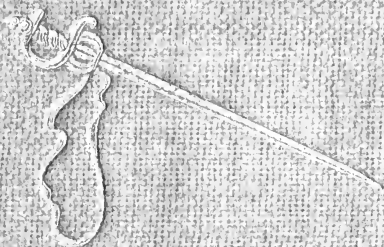


PENN THE STATESMAN AND GULIELMA



A QUAKER IDYLL



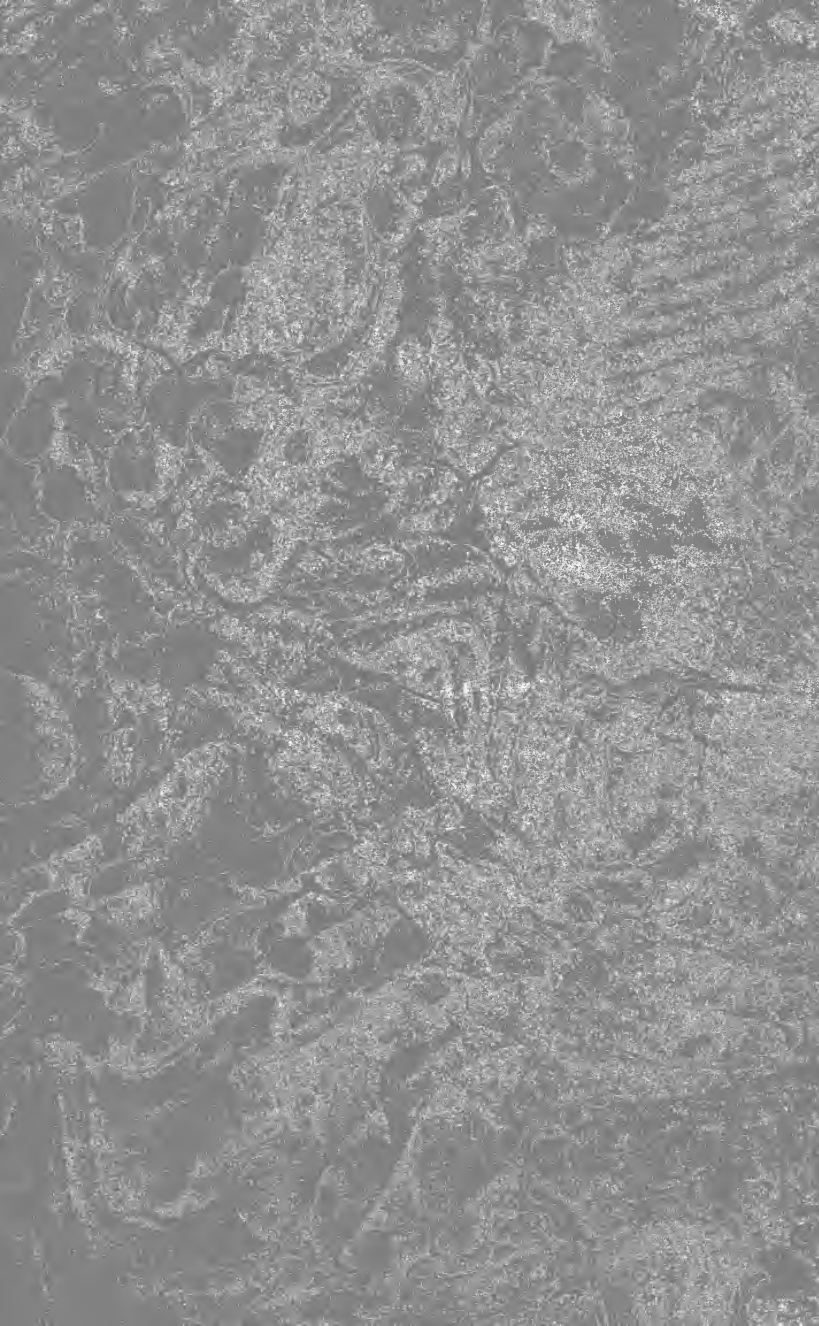
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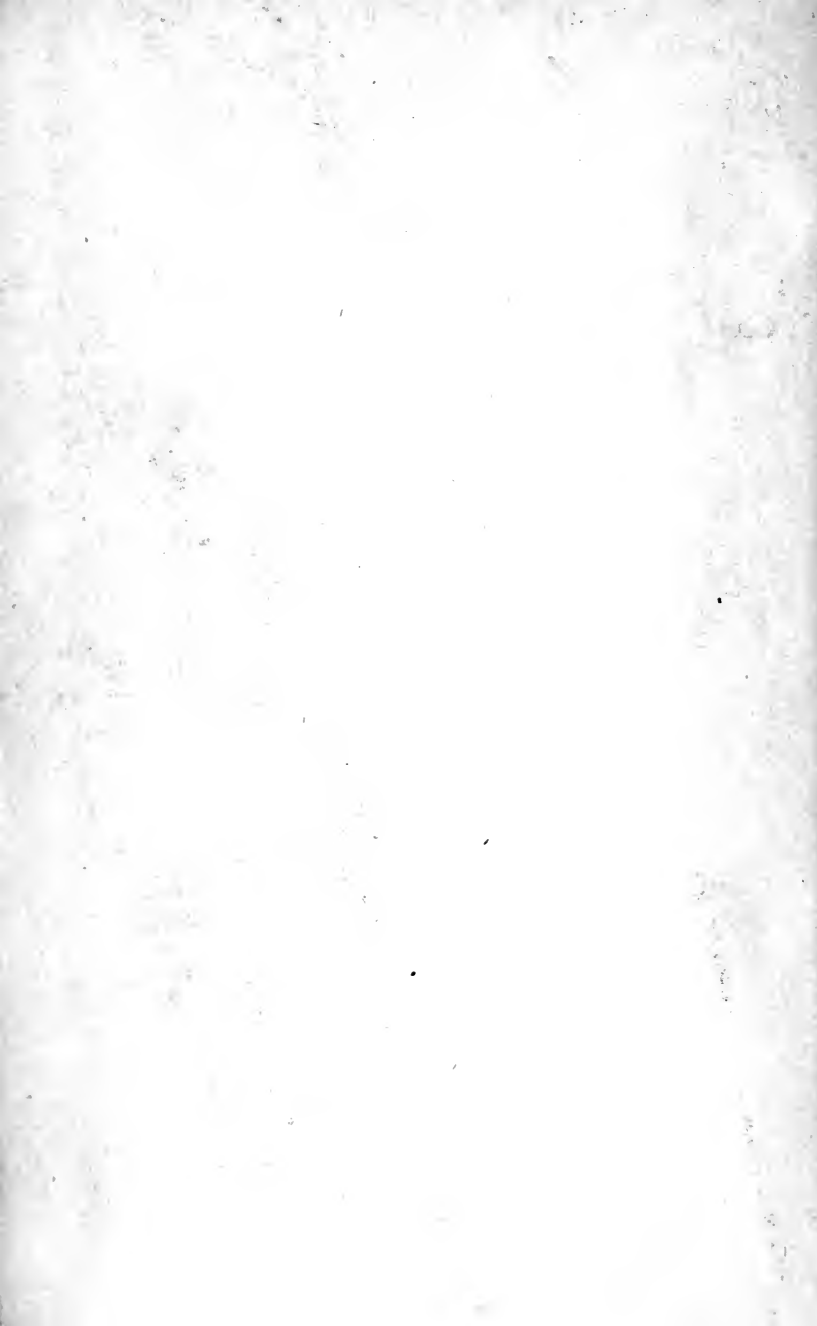
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**PENN THE STATESMAN
AND GULIELMA**

TO ALL WHO SEEK TRUTH,
FREEDOM AND LOVE



THE
JOURNAL
OF
WILLIAM PENN



William Penn



Gulielma

70. 1980
AUGUST 10

PENN THE STATESMAN AND GULIELMA

A QUAKER IDYLL

BY

WM. KING BAKER

FOREWORD

BY

A. MAUDE ROYDEN



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FOREWORD

MANY who have been interested in the ideals of the Society of Friends since the outbreak of the great war have regretted that they have not been enshrined in some more striking and dramatic form than has generally been the case. Pacifism has suffered more than its advocates realize from the drab un-moving character of its presentment. The world is athirst for heroism, and its appeal needs only to be high enough and hard enough to move men who had seemed to be deaf to any appeal but that of selfish interest. The war has taught us that. Terrible as it is, none of us can ever forget the glorious willingness to die which has transformed it and made it a great spiritual adventure to men from whom their country had asked so little before—and for whom, in many cases, it had done still less. But we must not stop here. We must go on to a yet higher appeal, and ask of all who have sacrificed so much, that they should be willing, when the war is over, to fight one more battle for the founding of that better world for which war, after all, can do no more—at the best—than clear the ground.

And if that better world is to find some better way than these appalling conflicts, of removing injustice, recognizing change, and settling international disputes, it must not be built upon the mere substitution of one kind of antagonism for another. Class hatred or sex hatred are just as truly "war" as military war. The spirit of war is not destroyed by the announcement of a new enemy more terrible than the last; but by the refusal to admit enmity at all which caused Christ to speak to Judas Iscariot as "Friend." Such a "war against *all* war" as that must have more than the heroism of war as we know it, and I think that only the man who can *feel* the heroism of the soldier and love it—who can share the (often

Foreword

inarticulate) devotion to national ideals which is so profound an instinct of the heart, and who desires not to abolish it but to consecrate it, can really help the world to-day. Only he who realizes with passionate sympathy the glory of war can lead us to a yet more glorious peace.

This will sound to some Pacifists a contradiction in terms. I believe it to be not a contradiction but a paradox, and truth which is paradoxical can perhaps only be perfectly expressed in a life, or a poem. Truth is more than merely intellectual; hence the element of paradox in every great teacher. Christ's words are as full of it as they are of poetry. The attempt to reduce His teaching to a formula is hopeless. It has been undertaken too often, and Pacifists are not the least eager in the attempt. For this reason, their argument seems too academic and separative to appeal as the argument of war appeals.

But in the early history of the Society of Friends there is all the appeal of heroism and romance, all the beauty of peace with the courage of war. The sense of power, the passion for humanity, which make of Christ the most moving figure in the world's history, are here. It is not an academic argument that is given us in the history of Fox and Penn and the rest, but the very romance of peace. Men may disagree with these early Friends in their theology and their politics; they cannot deny them the sympathy and reverence which are a necessary preliminary to understanding.

I therefore have some quarrel with the Society, that its annals have been given to the world for the most part in so plain a dress. Doubtless the absence of pomp and boast is of the essence of Quakerism. But surely there is an appeal to be made to human sympathy and to a noble imagination? The world is adventurous: be it so. Show us then the adventure of peace, and we will follow it!

The "holy experiment" in government made by the Friends in Pennsylvania is one of the most amazing of all romances. It shows us a "pacifist" State in being, and shows that peace cannot, in actual practice, be divorced from the rest of life or sought as a separate thing. Transparent honesty in all its

Foreword

dealings, loyalty to all its pledges, justice and honour were the foundations on which the relations of Pennsylvania with other races rested. Penn was the—

“famous builder of the great new world,
Who with no oath but word of truth to Indian bands,
Compelled acknowledgment e’en of infidel Voltaire—
The only treaty made without an oath—the only treaty kept!”

Yet how little the world knows of this sublime adventure. Most who have heard of it know only that it failed. That its failure was due not to the break-down of the principles on which it was undertaken, but to their abandonment, hardly any outside the Society of Friends have heard at all. “Very wonderful,” the world says of the Holy Experiment: “but after all they had to give it up!” They did give it up indeed; but—“had to”?—

“If they who followed soon forgot,
It is the old tale told again,
When one wept o’er Jerusalem,
I would have gathered—ye would not!”

The world does not love war, least of all modern war with all its almost inconceivable sacrifice: only the world sees no other way. And therefore it happens that the appeal of war is often most irresistible to those who are nearest to the love of Christ. Those who go into it hating it most—perhaps even believing it to be altogether wrong—surely come into the term of the great paradox—“Whosoever will save his life shall lose it, and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it.” To such as these, a “peace-making” that was constructive, adventurous, humane, would make an appeal they would never wish to resist.

Perhaps the great paradox of peace-making needs a poet even more than a prophet. It is in poetry that the highest and the deepest truths find expression. The paradox which, reduced to prose, becomes an unconvincing contradiction, in poetry is recognized for truth against which there is no appeal. We speak despondently of the ugly truth, the sordid truth, the brutal truth: but Keats tells us in triumph—

“Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty,”

Foreword

and we know that it is true. The world is full of hatred and suspicion, of darkness and cruel habitations. Shelley (who knew much of the world's hatred) affirms a greater truth:—

“Common as light is Love,
And its familiar voice wearies not ever.”

Is that not true? The very Truth itself? And do we not not only assent but even dimly *recognize* its certainty? There is some poet in us all, and with that divine faculty we *know* what these greater, more articulate poets express for us. Somewhere, sometime, we knew it all, and Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Shakespeare himself but reminds us of a thing we knew before. Beneath the contradiction of facts, and the superficial logic of the brain, is a truth to which the prophet and the poet alike appeal, and do not appeal in vain. For such great affirmations are not based on reason only, nor do they evoke a solely intellectual assent. They are addressed to the whole human being (not leaving out but including his intelligence), and are easily dissected and derided by anyone who meets them on a lower plane. The derision leaves them untouched. The poet stands in the midst and cries—“He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.”

Poetry, therefore, should be read in war-time, and not least then. For its sublime audacity, its tremendous faith are needed more now than ever before. Now, when men know that reason is not everything, that there are mighty instincts and great passions which are only partly influenced by reason and can never be perfectly controlled by it, now it is fatally easy to throw reason overboard and give passion the reins. And when this happens it is not the noblest passions that rule. For men have reason as well as instinct, and the whole human being is needed for the service of the world. It is the poet's glory that he appeals to the whole. No man is too intellectual for Shakespeare or Wordsworth. Yet Shakespeare is never *merely* an intellect. His work is penetrated with emotion also, and with that “transcendental element” which makes it the heritage of every man that has a human spirit. None of us is without it. All of us at times know those “obstinate questionings”—

Foreword

“ Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings ;
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realized ;
High instincts before which our mortal nature
Doth tremble like a guilty thing surprised.”

That world not realized he realizes for us, and teaches us to know it for our spiritual home. We believe it and take courage. Surely courage was never needed more than now.

It is then with joy that I welcome the affirming of yet another great truth in poetry.

“ Those are truly great
Who, as the centuries slowly pass,
Are found by each succeeding race
Near to the heart of human love.”

Is that true ? Has it ceased to be true because the world to-day seems full of hate ? A thousand times No ! The conquerors of the world are still found among those who are “ near to the heart of human love,” whether they be soldiers or Quakers. Indeed, these great lovers must always in a sense be both. The adventurous spirit, the eagerness to risk all, the light holding of one’s own life in comparison with another’s, these are the qualities of God’s lovers throughout the world’s history ; and it is the lover, not the separatist, who will save us.

Such a lover was William Penn. No doctrinaire, but a gallant spirit taking on the whole armour of Christ—His love and pity, tenderness and freedom, His great might and courage also, and His wide compassion for every perplexed and struggling human aim. Such are no more gone from us when they die, than is their Master Christ. Penn’s name is still a beacon and his faith a call to every heroic adventurer of the soul :—

“ He fell, but never knew defeat,
Whose soul was set to victory ;
His name brings glow of triumph still,
A buoyant note, like bugle call
That rings out o’er the battlements
Of each entrenched and ancient wrong.”

A. MAUDE ROYDEN

PENN THE STATESMAN AND GULIELMA

I

PRELUDE

‘Who is the greatest?’ asked the trusting
men of old

With human naturalness of Him Who midst
them walked

Greatness of God and greatness of our human
race,

As, by the way with thoughts still bent to-
ward earth,

With earthly measurements of heavenly
things,

They talked and strove together, blinded all
To Greatness, and Heaven’s Glory walking by
their side.

Prelude

And thou to greatness born, who put its plea
aside,
Though son of England's admiral,—head of
her fleet
In old adventurous days, spacious and vast,
The dread of pirate crews, the master of the
seas,—
Thou who yet greatness won, beyond thy
father's fame,
Choosing rather prison walls for truth and
good of men
Than life of ease, soft luxury, ambition, favour
high
That sought to wed thee to the world,
But failed, and saw these lures passed by ;
Thou, famous builder in the great new world
Grown into might across the western sea,
Brave leader in the race of treaty-keeping men,
Who, with no oath but word of truth to Indian
bands,
Compelled acknowledgement of infidel Voltaire :
' The only treaty made without an oath—the
only treaty kept : '

Prelude

Apostle of a truthful age, held in the love of
God

With high ideals of statesmanship created into
commonwealth,

A world ensample for some seventy years

Of heaven's great power in men for government,

The life embodiment of what Isaiah saw,

The rule, the right, the awful majesty, the
potency of peace,—

May one, whose only title is his love for thee

And vision of thy God, and what He still may
make

For world enlightenment thro' lessons of thy
life,

Attempt one tribute more to thy great name ?

Not greatest those, who in their own swift
time,

Heroes of an hour, oft lightly holding common
good,

Who singly, nor through other means or men,

Seem most to have accomplished,—great deeds
done

That catch at once the loud acclaim of populace,

Passed swiftly on from lip to lip, like sparks
that fly

Prelude

Before the wind, from tree to tree in time of
drought

Lighting all before them, as a lurid forest fire
That e'en against the wind makes its swift
course,

Though leaving waste behind and blackened
barrenness—

These often leave our world unblest, dumb,
dazzled by their brilliance.

Are they not greater who amidst their fellow
men

Exert deep mystic force, unseen, intangible ?

In most a potency of mighty inborn life

That heaves and breaks the crust of common
things,

With no destroying, ruthless, devastating blast,
But with the burst of spring's new pulsing
power

And fragrance as of scent of blue tinged violet
Or golden glory of the modest primrose bloom,
Inspire to new emotion hearts and minds of
men,

Yea, make the very skies above a paradise
of song,

Awaken ears to hear the soaring lark on
high,

To note the twittering sparrow e'en within
the town,

Prelude

The murmuring of the winds that sweep o'er
 darksome pines,
Or surging ceaseless beat of waves upon the
 strand,—
And know hope's blessed mitigation of life's
 heavy toil,
Make all men, everywhere, aware of Him,
 the most high God.

Were it not so, even He, who greatness held
That makes all lasting greatness in our world,—
Who came not to destroy the frailest of men's
 lives,
Or move by hurricane of power and might,
Or judge the world of men before the time,—
But life to bring into its desert wastes,
Sin-blackened since the fall and desolate,—
Even He had been, as friends Emmaus bent
Felt in their saddened souls, One who had
 lost—
One who had failed—One whom the world
 despised.

Prelude

And he who for great movements here would
build

Beginnings that shall stand the stress of change,
Stern conflict 'gainst existing blatant wrong,
Redress and respite for o'erburdened poor,
Beneath the weight of custom, cruel, hoary
selfishness,

Himself must delve into the depths of his
own soul,

And know, King Arthur like, a conscience
clear,

Yea, more than conscience, all he is

In his own being, know that victorious One
Who through defeat comes forth world con-
queror,

Thorn-crowned it may be in the groping minds
of men,

Heaven-crowned of God, of angels, saints and
martyrs,

And deep within man's soul, when conscience
clear,

Crowned, too, eternal King of heaven and earth.

And thus it was he built to whom these lines,

In heart-felt loyal tribute now are paid :

Tho' poor discharge of debt that great has
grown

Prelude

And ever grows the greater with each passing
year

Since first I read the story of his 'great ex-
periment,'

And all the wealth of treasure, faith and love,
Yea, and of life outpoured to serve his fellow
men.

He seemed familiar to my soul, life of my
life,

Who in his boyhood knew the 'free' school
atmosphere,

The broadening thought in heart and mind :

Then deep impressions from his God put on
one side,

The early call out from self will to nobler life
of sacrifice

Boy-like passed by, or only dimly understood ;

And then, in conflict close, against surrender
and God's peace,

Youthful, went forth in quest of pleasure, ne'er
yet found

By man of honest soul fully to satisfy ;

And felt the burning of the inborn fire, desire
for goodness and for God

Prelude

That could not, was not made to live
Apart from Him and its own heavenly element.

I had not dared adventure telling aught of him
Had not some consciousness of what he was,
and is,

And will be in a world of christian faith,
Been inborne to my soul, till it has burned
With fervent heat of strong sincere desire
And gratitude to God for his great life,
And passion to show forth at least some traits
Of his great love and world wide loyalty
Unto the highest weal and lasting peace of all
mankind.

II

CHILDHOOD

AND now to tell again the story of a great-
souled boy,
Born * where converging lines that mark our
island history
Had crossed and intertwined throughout a
thousand years,
And where, when he had grown, he too was
captive sent.

Within your old embattlements, more eloquent
of greatness
Than many a thronèd monarch's gilded seat,
Grey, grim old Tower of London, within your
blood-stained walls
Full of dread torture's histories, imprisonments
long past,
The great, the good, full well we know deep
anguish suffered there ;

* Note 1, page 311.

Childhood

Fraught with dark doubts of men, their mystery,
 their pain,
And sin,—when turned from love of God and
 balm of human trust,
Yielded up to avarice or greed of pomp and
 place,
Permitted Satan prowess, in selfish carnal state,
That lifts in vain its impious hand against high
 heaven and God,
Or 'gainst the lowliest follower in whom Christ's
 spirit dwells,—
What awful gruesome records do your dark
 bastions hold,
What tragedies 'gainst innocence and martyrs'
 heaven-born grace,
The weight of old-world wickedness, that seems
 to-day so wrong,
Could you give speech accusing to these re-
 peated plaints
And look out on the river that still flows to
 the sea,—
Look where world conflict rages, inhuman,
 fierce, untold
In millions massed for carnage, false culture,
 cruel, mad,

Childhood

The madness, too, of self-defence, the cost,
denial of God

And His dear Son the Saviour, and peace His
death bestowed,—

Swift were the tables turned indeed, and we,
undone, ashamed,

Might well bow down in agony, with cry ‘un-
clean, unclean,’

Nor crucify more millions as if Christ ne’er
had come.

But who had ever yet the insight keen and skill
to write

The wonder and the mystery, the mighty trust
and truth

That lives in heart and mind of little child,

And greater grows within true-hearted boy ?

He looks out on the world, its lord, its king ;

All majesty and pride and pomp of state

Are his, as mounted near his mother’s knee

He makes with chairs his mimic throne,

His coach and four, or, if his fancy change

To have some honest toil, his plough and faithful
team ;

And then again he sails the wide seas o’er,

Childhood

Has shipwrecks, just escapes the great sea
serpent,

Draws near great rocky caverns and, amidst
the mountains, calls

‘ Open sesame,’ and finds great bags of treasure
store untold :

Then quickly from such golden hoards departs
And fancies all the fun and frolic he has seen
And with boy mates a circus makes, mimics a
clown !

Then, when war comes, he dons the soldier’s
coat of red, or khaki now,

With wooden sword and yellow flannel stripes
for gold !

Would God war were as harmless as his play,
Or even as of old, a joust, or tournament
That but few shared—or that, like these, had
passed

From out the vision of our world to-day,
Or were as quickly laid aside as our boy’s
dreams of war

When day draws on and busy mind imaginings
Sink down into the past, as prayer at mother’s
knee

Makes this great world grow dim and heaven
draw near

And arms of God about us keep us safe.

Childhood

These the outer forms oft taken, but the mind,
the measure
Of child life who has fathomed, or the dreams
of happy boy ?
Is there no word of wisdom in the child ?
Does he not hold before our complex systems
of to-day
The essence of a simpler trust and faith
Than christian states have practised sixteen
hundred years—
The faith the early church believed e'en under
pagan Rome,
Faith of Apostles, yes, the faith, the teaching
of the Christ ?
Sweet, simple, pure, the faith of little child
That looks out from the soul through widely
opened eyes,
And rests itself in that which it receives :
Receives inflowings of the heavenly light,
obedience of God's Kingdom learns,
Knowledge of Him, immeasurable by any
merely worldly wise,
Upspringing joy, sweet trust and peace, the
fruit of Christ.
And thus it seems the little child, whose full
convincement later came,
Impressions had of this new-born glad life,
Heard his first call beside his father when at
Cork.

Childhood

'Tis said that thither then there came the
Quaker preacher Thomas Loe,
To whom the father sent and heard his earnest
preaching in the house.
Though very young the little boy observed his
father deeply moved,
His father's negro servant so o'ercome he wept
aloud,
His own quick spirit, too, received more life-
long impulse than he knew,
And deep within his mind there formed the
thought :—
' What if they all would Quakers be ? '

Thine was a buoyant boyhood, else the years
That followed had not found the fresh frank
view
Thy maxims, written in early manhood, show ;
We have no detailed record of thy childhood
days,
Or if they followed in the outer forms of early
imagery
And roamed elysian fields, the day dreams of
a healthy boy :
Thy world of happy childlife passed within thy
mother's care
While out upon the service of the seas thy
father sailed.
What glorious aspirations came to thee we are
not told,

Childhood

Nor measure of the fields a boy's thoughts
hold,

The sweep of long free lines, a boy's bold lead
Into the glory, wealth, the power of days to be
When he, a man, shall share the world's im-
mensity !

Great mysteries these, indeed, beyond our
grasp

The ways, the motions young minds shape,
When wakening soul sense first is moved,
And deep within heart memories fashioned,
formed.

Yet deeper, with compelling power, life visions
opened to the boy :

At twelve in ancient Hainault wood

Midst silence, stillness, solitude,

There came the voice, none can deny

To have inspoken in the soul ;

Through nature's temple, lo ! it called,

As to the boy Christ, long ago,

In temple courts there came the Father's call.

Blest they who like Him make reply :

' About my Father's business, I must be.'

Childhood

Then in his chamber, quite alone, this boy was
suddenly surprised
With inward comfort and, he thought, external
glory in the room ;
A strong conviction of God near, communica-
tion e'en with Him :
Partaking too of the divine, awakened, called
to holy life,
The Spirit of God had touched his heart,
Was leading him through thoughtfulness,
Devotion's paths, toward truth and peace.

Mysterious too, unfolding life, inherited strange
tendencies,
Fruit of long generations gone
That reappears when looked for least ;
Unfolding from the inborn seed
The life, the nature, all its own ;
Swift, too, in change as opening flower
That from mere growth sheds off its leaves :
And strong the impulse, power of will,
As new-found openings set it free,

Childhood

To lead some great new enterprise,—
Disclose fresh truth,—make destiny !
How glowing seems life's light to shine
On what shall be just on before !—
Slow all past progress in time gone
To hope's fair visions young lives see.

The voice that spake, the light that shined,
Was not all lost in life's full blaze
That now began to shed around
This fair young life out in the world :
But when has e'er self-pleasing sense,
In soul subservience, mind and flesh
Brought forth sweet fruit, wrought penitence,
Given contrite heart, heaven's recompense ?

Into young manhood, keen, possessed
Of all that makes its outward charm
He passed, and tasted what was pure,
Embraced world customs, lived high life
In courtly circle and college set,
And seemed, but was not, satisfied.

III

YOUTH

O God, Thou Maker of all mankind,
Thou only who e'er knowest in all time
The way the spirit takes in life of man
Convicting, calling, ere he is aware,
Or wills to heed it as the voice Divine—
In whom alone men ever come at truth
Of their own being, and living faith in Thine,
Aid in this effort, help me to relate
How Thou didst visit him, designed to be
In distant ages honoured for his faith,—
Albeit, even yet, the shadows overhang
Like clinging mists and dim the sight of men.

Twice Thou hadst spoken to his inmost soul,—
Once when a little child, and then a boy at
 school,
And he had seemed to listen, but it passed,

Youth

Though not without its witness to the words :
' The preparation of the heart in man,
The answer of the tongue, is from the Lord.'
And then he came to Oxford :
Where Morley of Christ Church and Sheldon of
All Souls
Were changing now the past—the Puritan
regime,
And ousting those who followed great Owen
and Goodwin.

A loyalist by nature, temperament and mind,
This youth of sixteen summers here was stirred
With England's sorrow for Prince Henry's
death,
Who lately sharing Charles' joy,
Was swiftly small-pox stricken, as he came
of age
And died on the same September night
When the King first opened parliament.
Penn's Latin verses show the feelings of the
time,
And loyalty, that lived through all his course.
But there were other thoughts that drew him
on,
And chief of these the consciousness of God,
Again brought home to him through Thomas
Loe.

Youth

How strange the links that bind, commingling
Minds and souls, the lives of greatest men !
They oft-times seem to touch a moment and no
more,*
Yet in that moment's contact motions felt
Make each thereafter set toward greater things,
Conscious of hidden depths, unknown before,
Within themselves and in the world of men :
And thus it was with Thomas Loe and William
Penn.

The elder had connection with this great Uni-
versity,
But had become an earnest, zealous Friend,—
Convinced at first through preaching of John
Camm
And further drawn, it may be, when four years
before
Fox of the 'leathern breeches' midst them
stood,
Met their rude mocking in the power of God,
Until, with searching glance, conviction of
that power,
In piercing swiftness smote, 'came over them,'
Made contrite seekers those who came to scoff.
Amidst these scholars Thomas Loe had lived—
A thoughtful, earnest, finely tempered mind,
Bent toward a close exegesis of deepest things—
And ever finding fuller light revealed

* Note 2, page 311.

Youth

As, with the courage conscience clearness
brings,
He faced each new revealing in honest love
of it,
Accepted truth made plain,—knew an inward
light
That humbled him and witness bore to Christ.
A tall and loose-limbed man with clear grey
eyes,
Deep, with a wondrous power to penetrate
And reach down to realities within men's
lives,
To know the motions of their inner thought
And kindle light in other souls by his ;—
Unconscious influence, great insensible force,
That makes its impress more by what men are
Than all the words they speak, wrought so in
him
That soon, and all unsought, he came to be
Amidst this new despised Quaker sect
Known everywhere amongst them as ' a public
Friend.'

As he now lived at Oxford, was there stirred
In young Penn's heart a quickening old desire
So early felt at Cork, renewed at Chigwell
School,
Even for himself to know the truth ?
And find beneath the strife of faiths and creeds

Youth

The deep and inward knowledge of the Christ ?
How for our sake He died and rose again
And lives to dwell within us and to reign,
And, by His holy Spirit sent to guide,
Make plain life's pathway for our feet,
Give in the heart soul clearness, and His will
Implant within our own, till they are one
And joined in rapturous joy and heart delight
To do the Father's will with faces upward to
the light.

It was, and ever is a mighty force
That thus can break earth bondage and the
grip
Of old traditions where they hinder life,
And make a man the master of himself,—
Nay rather, make him what God purposed he
should be
Himself supreme,—a man who 'to himself'
has come,
Found that he to the 'Father's house' belongs.

But Thomas Loe,—how came it that this man
Had power to reach the buoyant handsome
youth,
His parents' pride, hope of succeeding fame,
The admiration and the joy of many friends,

Youth

Gifted, accomplished, with a brilliant gracious
mind,

Already versed in letters though so young,
And full of manly sport and chivalry ?
Was it the very depth and strength of soul
That holds all these in place, despising none,
But knows a greater life, a mightier need,
That calls through all of these, and where it
calls

Knows there is that which answers deep within,
Familiar, fashioned by creative power
To be the earnest of a higher life ?

Startled, wakened, quickened, moved
At this calm penetrating preacher's word
Till it had mastery over all that it might cost,
Made all his message full, instinctive, clear,
A challenge to the world, a call to God,
The youth spontaneous, quick to feel, to act,
With others met for worship different from
That in the college chapel or parish church—
Was not alone, but with him many led
Against what then they deemed would hinder
them,

Youth

The surplice and the cap, as worn of old
But, in the white and purging heat of recent
 past,
That had been laid aside, and now restored.
These the impulsive youths despised, destroyed,
Yet unaware how deeper far faults lay
In that which no fierce anger, temper, heat,
Avails to purge out from us—but power of God.
These hasty acts his new friends could not
 justify,
Much less his college or the Admiral Penn,
And, ere two years were ended closed his
 Oxford course.

Returned again within his father's house
His first great test of strong affection came :
His father with his son was sore displeased,
Vexed much through wounded pride and
 blighted hopes,
Desires for his advancement, but the most
That he should consort with this Quaker sect.

Turned out of doors now by his father's hand
The mother interceded with him for her son,
And then, as often, by the mother's wisdom led,
The strongest measures for the present laid
 aside,

Youth

It was arranged that 'on his travels' Penn
should go

And forthwith took his journey into France,
From whence the dutiful accounts that came
Awakened greater hopes within the Admiral's
breast

That his ambitions for his son were gratified.

O plans of men, and schemes that ye devise
Nor make account of swiftly changing life,
That like a great kaleidoscope forever turns
And ever re-assembles to a fresh design,
What little wit such planning often shows ;
Despised all past experience, put aside,
Nor reference to the One on high Who only
knows

The issue, and Whose will is thus denied.
That which from Him we vainly thus withhold
He can accomplish in His way and time :
And thus these journeys in the end became
Equipment for this youthful seeker after truth,
As, under Moses Amyrant, at Saumur
The world receded and scholastic lore
Engaged his earnest thought, who had been
sent

Youth

In order to be turned from serious views of life.
And yet the world was with him, Pepys relates,
In garb and fashion of the Paris form ;
And he had shown his skill in self defence,
With sword disarming desperate antagonist,
Gaining praise for courage and mercy shown
the wretch.

And now returned he entered Lincoln's Inn
To gain acquaintance with his country's laws
And fitting for the future as outlined
For him fulfilling all his father planned.
But one short year and all was overthrown :
The plague or black death drove from London
courts

All who could flee this awful pestilence ;
And William, who had now just come of age,
Fled to the country, turned to sober thought,
And wakened in his father's heart once more
Fears lest his plans miscarry yet again.

Forthwith to Dublin by his father sent
That in the midst of Ormond's brilliant court
These serious thoughts might be again dispelled:

Youth

The Admiral hoped thereby to gain his ends,
And left no plan untried to tempt his son.
Herein he failed; the son passed all these
gaeties by.

Then next the father gave him charge of lands,
His wide estates round Castle Shangarry
To which young William gave such earnest care
That once again the father's hopes were raised.

But now a fresh experience o'er him came
As, 'gainst an insurrection in the north
At Carrickfergus, young Penn volunteered,
Served with distinction through it, and was
pressed

By courtly friends to make arms his career.
Athletic, tall, a graceful, handsome youth,
As portrayed in the armour suit he wore,
It made appeal to nature's instincts strong,
His courage, daring, love of righting wrong,
And might have followed had he stifled deeper
thought—

Or had it not befallen that again he met
His former friend, the preacher Thomas Loe,
Then on a visit to the Friends of Cork.

Youth

By chance he learned that lately Loe had
come,—

Would be at the Friends' Meeting the next day.
Already Penn had said that he would go
One hundred miles to hear this minister again,
And now he went to meeting, heard him preach,
Was moved as he had never been before ;
The word of life reached to his inmost soul
With deep awakening power past recall,
Convinced, contrited by this God-sent voice :
' There is a faith that overcomes the world,
A faith that by the world is overcome.'

Thus spake the preacher, opening out the source
Of that divine infilling conquering life,
And what impedes or stops its cleansing flow.
The young man paled within that searching
light,
Was stirred, as some tall tree before its fall,
The bondage of life soul-suppression broke,
The flood-gates of pent inner life were loosed,
His heart was opened, and the strong man
wept.

IV

CONVERSION

O WONDER of this ancient mystery of Christ
In each fresh soul surrendered unto God,
To whom comes second birth, the new life from
above :

Enigma hidden from the wise, the secret wind
of heaven

That sweeps away the old, the selfish sordid
will,

Inbreathes Christ's sweet forgiveness and His
grace,

Re-clothes the outer world to faith's illumined
sight,

Dispels all dread of ill and burden of past sin,
Subdues and moulds the heart to tenderness
and trust,

And fill the ransomed soul with heavenly calm
of peace.

All things are changed ! ourselves no more the
same,

We see not with the eyes we saw before,
The temporal, the passing, known of old,

Conversion

The form, the discipline, the doctrine of our life,
Are changed to glory, made forever new
And fragrant, holy, sweet, within the inmost
soul.

Yet room for boasting and the pride of life
The spirit of this blessed state denies,
Tho' quick the flesh and ever keen self-will
To re-assert dominion over Christ's sweet grace,
Indulge the human sense, live in the outer
world,
On lower plane than He in love designed
Who from the blessed lips speaks still : ' abide
in Me.'

And all which lower—less than this—assays
Is but as one who builds upon the sand,
Or, having got foundation, lightly builds
thereon,
' Wood, hay, and stubble,' meet but to be
burned ;
Christ is the sole foundation, heaven's holiness
in man,
Gift of God made flesh and blood for all of
human kind,
Made wisdom for the sore perplexed the intro-
spective mind,
The Bread of life for famished sin-starved soul,
The living water for world parching thirst
That seeks its cool and calm refreshment sweet.

Conversion

Yea, more than these, to inner life unutterable
Jesus, the Saviour, brings the great release
The word of old His finger wrote : ' Go sin no
more.'

And then His parting gift, the heavenly
Paraclete,
Sent for subduing all our race to Christ,
To lead the world by keen conviction's light,
Unerring judgment, and His righteousness,
To see, to love, to live His new redemptive life ;
To know He sanctifies the wholly yielded will ;
In each such ransomed life born from on high
Calls for its growth, its perfecting in love,
Gives peace within even under persecutor's
hand,

Forever glorifies anew the risen Lord
Through consecrating grace in living sacrifice.

Penn now re-born obeyed the new birth call :
Laid at the feet of Christ his life, ambitions,
All his hopes of high preferment, fame ;
Found, too, his life-long place of fellowship
And service for the race within the Quaker faith,
And shared at once their sufferings in imprison-
ment.

Conversion

They haled the men from meeting to the prison
house,

Before the magistrate, who would have Penn
Take his release, not holding him a Friend.

This he at once refused, acknowledged Quaker
faith,

And said what Friends must suffer he would
share—

A noble spirit, lived throughout his life.

And thus began the record he could claim

With Paul, Apostle of the early church,

‘ In prisons oft,’ to glory of His risen Lord.

As those who mark the heaving opening soil

Where new life breaks its upward way, and earth

Is lifted on the tender spreading plant

Until its strength of growth and April winds

Shake off this earth encumbrance, like a shell,

See herein force of nature, potency of life,

So in the life of this young courteous cavalier,

Whose sword suspended still hung at his side,

Is seen the habit of the age, the natural mind,

When it was yet accounted stainless honour’s
right

Thus to protest it, or defend it against wrong,

Conversion

Before the greater strength than right of might
Revealed in Christ, apostles, martyrs, early
church,

And in His saints thro' all dark ages following
on,

Had now been witnessed yet again in Burroughs,
Fox and Loe,

Had made the will and purpose of Christ's
gospel plain

That through redemptive efficacy of grace

Love's conquering, good's o'ercoming power,

Should spread and banish every evil way

As light arising drives night darkness from the
world.

And thus it came that this young convert's
faith,

Imperfect, troubled those with whom he met

To worship, as, courageous, he a soldier seized

To thrust him from the meeting, who had come

To stop its waiting and its worship before God.

He listened to their teaching of the better way

And learned, Apollos like, the Holy Spirit's
power

By heavenly grace subduing wrong with truth

Baptising into deeper sense of need,

Conversion

Compelling by the spirit from on high
Those who opposed to feel the Christ within,
Convicting and contriting, swiftly guiding on
Until repentance turned their wrath to praise.

But soon this faithful steward of his father's
lands,

Now faithful to his heavenly Father's will,
Had swift recall across the Irish Sea
To meet his Admiral father, irate once again.
It was a moving scene, sad past mere words to
tell :

The father bent upon fulfilment of his plans
With strong regard for welfare of his brilliant
son ;

The son filled with affection for his sire,
Desire to do his will, example of accomplished
friends

And world ambitions all pled for his father's
views ;

Against which in his heart were low deep
whisperings—

A still small voice that none of these would
silence,

Could not stay its inward power, conscience
held

Forbade fulfilment of the life his father planned :
The father deeply grieved pleads now his son's
accomplishments,

Conversion

His ripeness for promotion into worldly power,
Entreats, beseeches him to yield to his desire :
The son, in agony to grieve his father thus,
Craves humbly to refrain from what would hurt
his soul,—

And, when refused, declares he dare not yield,
Must live his faith obedient to God's call.
The Admiral could not brook his will be
disobeyed,

And threatens now that he will disinherit him.
The son as humbly begs that all things of this
sort

He may resign completely to his father's will ;
The sire prevailing not by pleadings nor by
threats,

Turns from his son in anger, while the son
Lifts up his heart to God for strength to bear
this bitter trial.

Two noblemen there were who chanced to come,
And told the Admiral he might happy be in
having such a son

' Who could despise the grandeur of the world,
Refrain from vices into which so many ran ; '
And for a time the father even seemed appeased.

Conversion

The young man's heart was cheered ; and now
began

Fulfilment of the great commission, hereafter
his,

To be a witness unto men of this new Way,
Now re-discovered past the labyrinth of creeds ;
The Way Christ's followers went Him to
proclaim :

' The real Light, which enlightens every man,'
Jesus, ' Coming then into the world.' *

The glad good tidings spread and many heard,
Became obedient to the faith and found soul
peace.

Even as of old, these heralds of the Cross
Went ' two and two ' upon their preaching tours
And, as Christ had commanded, when denied
Acceptance in one place they to another passed.
Young William with a brother-preacher Friend
Had passed to many meetings in this way
When one by a magistrate was broken up
Who also to Sir William wrote with loud com-
plaint

Of what he chose to term ' the tumult ' made
thus by his son.

With swift return and deepened strength of
former will

Sir William sent a letter ordering his son home,

* Moffatt's translation.

Conversion

Who, with concurrence of his friend, at once
obeyed,

But ere he went to Wanstead into London came,
And there attending Gracechurch meeting on
his way

When dining with a friend who lived hard by
Was introduced to one in London circles known
For comeliness of person, loveliness and grace,
Daughter of the late Sir William Springett,
knight.

She coming into this Friend's house now first
met William Penn,

To whom, in providence of God her life was to
be joined.

Strange, sweet, inflowing sense of life emotion
stirred

When first disclosure comes of heaven sent love
Insistent and imperious in its sway,
Nor less so when at first sight 'tis revealed
As often to the woman intuition shown
Though hidden 'neath sweet maidenly reserve.

O heart of ancient London, wonderful, and
famed,

A world's great throbbing centre for countless
centuries,

So long the home for merchant princes and the
great

In crafts and science, enterprises good and ill,

Conversion

The South Sea Bubble, colonizing schemes ;
Great in the skill of statecraft, mistress of the
seas,

And lately purged by plague and devastating
fire—

Was ever fairer womanhood within your
brilliant courts

Than this sweet maiden Gulielma meeting
William Penn ?

Or ever nobler manhood than his standing near
her then ?

Weight of heavenly call upon him, chosen duty
written plain

On his fearless open features, and a nameless
sorrow's trace,

Growth of true and filial fervour, manhood's
high resolve,

Marks of secret bitter conflict Christ's peace
had restored.

Brief and passing was their meeting—time no
measure has

For two souls who love eternal at their first
meeting learn :

Conversion

Inmost being quickening, kindling every latent
vital force,
Each self losing in another, itself finding ever-
more.

Like a gleam of sunshine piercing
Thro' storm-driven, o'ercast skies,
The restful, calm eyes of the maiden
Mirrored clearly in his soul
Showed, awakened deep within him
Sense of love's sweet harmonies.

She who in those fleeting moments
Made no sign, yet knew the power
That marks within the soul's awakening,
Knew now God's call unto her.

But in him strong love's revealing
Swept all past time in review,—
As, 'tis said, those near to drowning
In seconds see their whole life through,—
And, visioned now his fateful journey,
Concentrate, fierce the Admiral's wrath,

Conversion

Imprisonments like Paul's before him,
He swerved not from the foreshown path,—
Passed swiftly on his way to Wanstead
By duty led and call of God.

V

BIRTH OF GULIELMA

BRAVE, true, loving hearted wife,
In whom all innate fulness of sweet grace
In face, in form, wast fashioned soul of loveliness,

To nobleness of courage love of goodness joined,
Can I by thee portray, or by thy youngest child,
The face, the form, the wondrous woman's soul
That dwelt in that fair girl of long ago,

Brave Gulielma Springett—she 'reserved' for him

The hero of this tale, and hero for the coming age :

A statesman greatly daring in the code of laws
he made

To have regard for laws of God, the teaching on
the Mount,

The mightiest manhood charter yet in the world
proclaimed,

Liberty and brotherhood, love toward all men
God made.

Dear heart,—whom I apostrophize for one not
unlike thee,

One held in annals of Quaker faith
Most sweet, most true, a fragrant life,—

Birth of Gulielma

I see thee rising early, while still the shadows
cling

About the dim-roofed clustered homes

Round this suburban ancient town :

I hear thy call at earliest dawn :

‘ Come, see the glorious morning star ! ’

Lo, there it was ! resplendent, bright,

Midst palest tints of green and grey

Wondrous as ancient Egypt’s skies,

Luminous, matchless, beauteous star,

Cradled in morning’s crescent moon !

I ne’er had seen a dawn so fair

To follow after storms at night ;

I ne’er have known a life so rare

As thine, sweet wife, of whom I write,

Because to me resemblance lives

In countless strange coincidences

That mark thy life like Guli Penn’s :

Her father died ere she was born,

Thou scarcely canst remember thine,

Both called in young life’s opening dawn

Birth of Gulielma

Bequeathed brave spirits to each child ;
Your mothers, in your girlhood days,
Were sought by fathers dear to you,
Through whom God gave, what else had lacked,
Man's strong kind guidance in your youth ;
Each life, like full-grown fragrant flower,
Developed fullest woman's grace ;
Each found God's sweet will more and more
The source of joy, fount of their peace.

But like that star heaven cradled so
For thee, dear wife, the other morn,
Must have come heaven's protecting arm
To Guli Springett at her birth.
Like thee born of heroic stock
To apprehended duty true ;
Like thine her father dared to take
His own pathway, content to know
God called to it—would see him through.

Reliant, eager, ardent, strong,
The intrepid father of this girl,

Birth of Gulielma

Did not live to look upon
The tender face of his sweet babe ;
Was fair young knight as ere drew sword,
Vice Lord Lieutenant, too, of Kent,
Victor at Arundel Castle siege
For Cromwell and for Parliament ;
Had shared the battle of Edgehill ;
And, for that matchless army called
By free will, of their own free choice,
Eight hundred neighbours joined his band
Without a single beat of drum.

Now, when the victory had been won,
In quarters near Arundel town,
Disease swept through his Kentish men,
And he was fever stricken too.
But, stout of heart, he would not yield
To this malignant foe of men,
E'en shot with crossbow from his room
Until the fever reached his head.
He oft had heard the call of God

Birth of Gulielma

And now he knew his end was near,
He longed again to see his wife,
Although he felt she could not come
Near coming of their second child.

In depth of winter's frost and snow
Swiftly a courier message brought
That she should hasten unto him.
From London to Arundel then
The badness of the winter roads
To coachmen made the journey seem
Such they with one accord refused.
She searched in vain the neighbourhood
Until a widow whom she knew
Who also kept a coach for hire
Agreed to let her servant go.
A flood was up at Newington
And they were forced to take to boat,
While with the coach the horses swam.
Tedious and perilous was the way,
Benighted, in the dark o'erthrown

Birth of Gulielma

Into a hedge, while all along,
Across the road, a precipice
From which, unseen, they had been saved.
There was no guide save the white horse
The husband's messenger had brought
To lead them onward through the night :
And now a garrison was reached
That vainly strove to make her stay :
To which her wife's heart made reply :
' For all the horses she would pay
But would not leave the coach till brought
So near to where her husband lay
That she could compass it on foot.'

Arrived within Arundel town
They saw indeed a dismal sight,—
Waste and depopulated homes,
Stables in shops and lower rooms,
No lights but such as from these came,
And windows broken everywhere
From firing of the great siege guns.

Birth of Gulielma

Even when the journey now seemed done
And to his quarters through the town
Within a quarter of a mile
The horses came to a standstill :
The guide light and assistance sought,
Found that the coach which close had pitched
Had fastened in a root of tree.
Meanwhile the stricken husband heard
His brave young wife was nigh at hand.
' Then,' said he, ' raise me up in bed
That I may even see her come.'

'Twas twelve of midnight by the clock
When she at last put foot in hall
From which the stairs led to his room ;
She heard the voice of his sad cry :
' Why, O, why will you lie to me ?
If it is true that she be come
Then even let me hear her voice.'

Birth of Gulielma

O greatness of a woman's love,
Endurance, faith, and staying power
To dare, to suffer, die or live
For him whom heaven to her gave
The supreme joy on earth to prove.

She who that dreadful journey bore
To reach his side, at last, at last !
At that sad cry lost power to move
And even had fallen to the floor
Had not two borne her to his room.

He sprang as if to leave his bed,
Although his head with fever swam :
' Let me embrace thee, O my dear !
Embrace thee once before I die,
I'm going now to God—why fear,
I'm going to thy God, and mine.'

He felt her lips, cool from the night
Without of bitter frost and snow,
Cold, too, from anguish deep within,
The cross her heart refused to know.

Birth of Gulielma

He drew her to his burning face
His soul yearned toward her with a cry :
' Don't leave me, oh, don't go from me !'
At which the doctor and her maid
Feared for her life, and for the child's.
Two hours she sat beside him thus ;
Hers pressed his lips, he fell asleep,
Then she, persuaded, went to rest.
He woke refreshed, and saw her maid
Who since had watched beside his bed
With those attending standing near :
' You're my wife's maid. How does my boy ?
Go to my wife, say I'm refreshed,
I'm ready to embrace her now.'
She gave the message, but pled most
That ' he would go to sleep again,'—
' Her going down would hinder it.'

Ah ! when she went, how great the change !
Sadness had settled on each face
Of all about him. She was stunned.

Birth of Gulielma

Tenderly he spoke with serious words,
Weighty expressions, and then at last :
‘ Dear, let me kiss thee before I die—
Let me kiss thee, and take my leave,’
Which doing, as he did before,
He added : ‘ No more now. No more ever.’

The fever had now mastery :
They led her, forced her, from his side,
Told her so great his love for her
While thus she stayed he could not die.
This last word with great horror smote,—
Amazed, she stamped her foot and cried :
‘ Die ! die ! must he die ? I cannot go from
him.’

They gently bore her to the fire
Where silent, struck she stood, nor wept :
Then this young knight laid very still,
And they that watched said, ‘ sight is gone ; ’—
They let her go again to him.

She saw his face now beautiful,
Enraptured, as at some great sight,

Birth of Gulielma

His pleasant countenance amiable,
Till sunset when he turned and called
A kinsman : ' Anthony, quickly come ! '
Which very instant lo, he came,—
As to him dying it was shown—
From a far journey many miles
Anthony came riding in the yard.

'Twas night—the last dread enemy
Of fair young life had seized its prey !
The last breath ceased, the room was still,
The soul had been borne far away.

Then o'er the stillness heart sobs broke
As long deep swells break on the shore,
Strong men were moved, could not but show
With passion they had loved him too :
Then she the chosen, darling wife,
Whom he had loved from childhood's days,
Found outlet now in long pent tears,—
Lived for her boy and unborn babe.

Birth of Gulielma

They laid him in the Ringmer vault
Amidst his own loved Sussex hills,
And there to-day his tablet tells
How his sweet Guli babe was born.

Life's greatest things we never know,
They lie so deep—like diamond stones
Amidst life's clay, that hides from view ;
But they are precious in God's sight,
Not one is lost, no wish, no prayer,
No deep soul sigh lips utter not,
Which none could know though standing by :
And periods in life come and go
And seem as if they ne'er had been ;
As if they melted like the snow
In April's sun with May so near ;
So to this mother and to child
The sad years passed, as thine to thee
When father, fever stricken, left
The world as blank as landless sea.

Birth of Gulielma

Ten winters passed, the sunshine broke,
Life's flowers bloomed abundantly :
That, so long sought in London life—
Relief from present sense of loss,
The meaning of life's mystery,
The mind's dense maze that hides the cross,
Pride that shuts out humility,
All passed—and Guli's mother found
At last soul peace for which she longed.

Strange sad unrest in woman's heart
The soul awakened, hunger, thirst
For present consciousness of God—
Aware the need of her own life
Soul-union, fellowship in Christ.

VI

GULI'S GIRLHOOD

SOUL and sense are strangely woven
In the warp and woof of life,
Mingling, shading, trace its pattern
Golden threads the gift of heaven,
Crimson, as the heart's blood given
Through life's ground of common grey.

Hungering, seeking, yet not finding
All the soul rest that she sought
Now to one like-minded, turning
From earth's pomp, a Lord Mayor's son
Who, as she craved God's acceptance,
With forms could not be satisfied,
Guli's mother joined in marriage,
And both pursued their quest for truth.

Guli's Girlhood

Strangely they were now led to it
As, in gay attire they walked
In a park, while on the highway
A Quaker rode who to them spoke
Of worldly pride and fashion's folly
And of Christ the crucified.

Was it a shaft drawn at a venture
Yet winged with power from the Lord
Through one unversed in worldly wisdom
Who knew the light and grace of God ?
He others brought who opened fully
Christ's words of those who 'do His will,'
'Who,' said He, 'shall know the doctrine
Whether indeed it be of God.'

God alone holds all the secret,
Knows the will that we call ours,
Turns to blessing true soul sorrow,
Prepares the heart that owns His sway.

Guli's Girlhood

Guli's mother scorned the message
Yet felt its penetrating power,
Heard the witness of this people
Whom she before had ever shunned :
' I found them,' said she, ' of the Lord
And my heart owned and honoured them,
Greatly longed to be one of them
And minded not the cost or pain.
But oh ! the joy that filled my soul
At our first meeting at Chalfont,
This day I have remembrance of it,
The sense the Lord gave of His presence
And of ability to worship Him
In that spirit which was His own.
Oh ! long had I desired to worship
In full assurance of acceptance,
Lift up my hands and heart not doubting.

Guli's Girlhood

In that assembly I acknowledged
His great mercy and wondrous kindness
For I could then say—this is what
I have longed and waited for
And feared I never should experience.'

If Guli's shared, or had preceded,
Her mother's soul-awakening light
No record tells : that God spoke to her
Was seen,—as sunlight round the bud
Transforms it to the matchless rose,
Sends fragrance through the summer air,
Reveals God in the perfect flower.

Of Guli's girlhood we have knowledge
Through the writing of Thomas Ellwood,
Historian, poet, friend of Milton,
In London known to Lady Springett,
In boyhood too, young Guli's playmate.

Guli's Girlhood

She now was grown a graceful maiden
In loveliness most beautiful
Inheriting her father's spirit,
Noble, brave, with love of goodness,
Eyes that gave and found life's truth.

When her fifteenth year had opened
Isaac Pennington, her step-father,
At Grange, his seat, Chalfont St Peter's,
Was sought by Ellwood and his father
Who had learned they were turned Quakers.
The young man found his former playmate,
As she walked within the garden,
Gracious, as of old, though serious,
Nor moved by modish gallantries :
In the freedom of their friendship
That fine sense which compassed round
Inviolable her fresh buoyant life
And o'er it gracious limits set,
None dared o'erstep or trespass on,—



*The Grange, Chalfont St. Peters, Gulielma's girlhood home **

* Note 3, p. 311



Guli's Girlhood

The freedom of the pure in heart
Sweet courteousness, joy in the Lord,
Swift, subtle, blessed potency
Sent for redemption of our race,
Too oft misused or unemployed
Till sorrow sets its fragrance free
And men both good and evil know,
Though given to bless men in their God.

This noble-hearted, learned youth
In turn convinced, embraced the truth
And, as at first Christ's followers
Left all that they might follow Him,
So this new convert left his home
Estate and prospects for the cross
Christ often gives ere life is crowned :
And thus a tutor friend at Grange
It was that Thomas Ellwood came.

VII

DISOWNMENT

AND now thoughts turn to Admiral Penn,
His son's return at his command :
What strange caprice leads souls of men
When to ambition and world's pride
Even great men give themselves, in haste,
Nor count the cost in sterling worth,—
Defection from the rule of truth,
Fine sense of justice, glory of mankind
Turned e'en by stealth or custom from its
course :

For pilfering sin makes inroads on us all,
Destroys strong manhood, has laid conquerors
low.

And thus, his keen perception blurred by pride
And self-will's re-assertion o'er his mind,
The Admiral could not yet see in his son—
Of noble judgment, grown to twenty-four,
Familiar with world customs—right to choose
Direction of his life-course, true to God.

Disownment

He met him now with anger ill-disguised,
Portrayed in strongest terms all he had heard,
What work his preaching in the country
wrought

And bade him take his clothes and from his
house begone—

That his estates he should bestow to them
That pleased him better than his eldest son.
Again the son explained how great his grief,
Not for the loss of wealth or his estates,
But from the filial love he bore his sire,
The sorrow and the cross it was he could not
yield,

Or fail obedience to conviction and to God.
And thus were parted father and his son,
And William left with sorrow midst the cries
Of his dear mother and his sister Margaret.

It was no sudden impulse ; long the guiding
Hand

Of the Most High, who gave him earlier calls,
Had been preparing for the strenuous task
This pioneer apostle of a world-wide peace
Amidst all civilizations, native and modern
states :

And slowly, firmly, like unbending British oak,

Disownment

His heart had strengthened to the arduous work,
Had borne the supreme test put to great men—
Their cause before themselves, a conscience
clear,
And willingness to sacrifice all to their faith.

But now to preaching and to freedom's claim
Concerning those imprisoned, advocacy of
truth,
This man who chose enlistment in the cause of
Christ
Forsaking self-indulgence, pride, and temporal
gain,
Learned consecration's gladness, boldly gave
himself
For the deliverance and defence of other lives,
Not with his skill in swordsmanship, nor with
mere might of force,
But in the will of Jesus Christ and power of
endless life,
The pure and sweet compulsion of a living
sacrifice.

In spreading groves luxuriant with magnolia
bloom
Where * Boone, Kentucky's famous hunter,
used to roam
Each fresh intruder's step treads countless
fallen buds
Rich with pervading fragrance, sweet and
strong,
That from this rigorous pressure finds release.

* Note 4, page 311.

Disownment

And thus how often persecution's crushing blow
Has brought forth fragrance in the noblest life,
To be like holy incense, potent prayer,
In other lives long after these have passed.

Now Penn the truth of this experience found,
And many barriers to impede his work ;
Old statutes raised and misused to ensnare
Even those 'gainst whom these acts could not
 apply.

He felt the persecutor's iron heel,
The cynical embodiment of outrage, wrong,
Against humanity and heaven's primal law,
And saw the wickedness that persecution bred
 in men,
Debasing them below the brute creation, beasts
That, even in herds, set limits and true instincts
 know.

But why perpetuate the names or fame of those
Unworthy of regard even for notorious heart-
 lessness ?

Who outraged mind and conscience 'gainst the
 truth,
And harboured meanness till it grew a system of
 complaint,
Shut out all sense of God, and consciousness of
 need :

Disownment

More merciful that these into oblivion sink
Who thus misused their power against the
innocent.

Penn's ready, penetrating, and instructed mind
Now given to exposition and defence of right
Became a potent factor, reviving early faith
Amidst the conflict of contending creeds and
forms ;

And not alone by eloquent and fearless speech,
For now began the fruitful authorship
Of many works, which had their first effect
In building up and strengthening through the
realm

Upon the continent, and even in distant lands,
The strong effective and consistent life
Exemplified by Quakers of those early days.

But there was also wakened bitter loud com-
plaint—

Official opposition to the liberty they claimed,
The freedom, right to worship the Most High
According to their conscience and to Christ's
command.

And everywhere throughout the land the prisons
filled

With those who chose to suffer for their faith
Before compliance 'gainst conviction and God's
law,—

Disownment

So long the path and slow the progress in the
way
By which our liberties and social freedom won
That gave to freemen and to those who ruled
A greater glory than all power usurped before.

It was a time of controversy, keen debates were
rife,
Bold challenges to high argument in public
sought,
And midst conflicting creeds and schools of
thought
Arose such strength of feeling and depth of
earnestness
That oft the bounds of moderation were o'er-
pass'd,
And words and language that today seem
arrogant
Were freely used by many tender humble
souls,—
So great their sense of call, and urgency of
truth.
No doubt it were far better these should speak
Their burning, scorching words that shrivelled
up
A host of poor pretences, and deep conviction
wrought,
Than that in smooth soft nothings they had
lived,
Half smothered by self-seeking fearfulness and
ease :
And we who freely come to this great heritage
Their self-denying and unceasing labours won,

Disownment

Can least of all on one of these reflection cast
Who followed truth where'er it led at any
cost,

Though truth itself can ever least by over-
statement gain.

The plan of this brief story of Penn's life
Does not permit narrating all he bore,
At first in common needs, by friends supplied,—
When, in hot anger, the Admiral turned him
from his door ;

Nor of his public contests and the triumphs in
debate ;

Those who, confined in prison, by him were
visited,

On whose behalf he strove and got release ;
The weight his strong young life sustained for
justice, truth,

At courts of law and by his ready able pen,
His fearless, wise and eloquent defence
Of human rights, so often and so long assailed,
And pleadings too for others, even before the
King :

Let those who would these moving efforts know
Read from the many written lives, all yet too
short

Disownment

To portray life in colour, circumstance and time,
Of this great human character, who inspiration
 gave
For freedom, civil and religious thought, to all
 succeeding time,
For sacred cause of liberty basis and foundation
 laid
To stretch across the wide expanse of a great
 new continent.

But in those opening years, vehement, full,
With history making issues and testings to the
 soul
Of him, who now became 'twas said, 'The
 sword of the new sect
Perpetually kept unsheathed in conflict and
 defence,'
These lines but touch mere points in that great
 life
Which grew from what he chose and what he
 was
Into the world-wide influence which he wrought
By power of God prevailing, even through loss,
And losing only in so far as world power won
In passing moments when e'en brightest faith
 grows dim
And world dominion re-appears where from the
 life dethroned.

VIII

GULIELMA

WHERE the fragrant airs of summer, flower-
laden with perfume,
Waft o'er rolling fields and gardens in the early
days of June,
Down from quiet restful ' Bottrells,' once fair
Gulielma's home,
To the sloping country roadway passing Milton's
late abode,
Fair, supremely fair, and lovely, graceful,
beautiful,
Filling heart and eye with pleasure, lasting joy,
Through the village at sunseting came this
maiden
Breathing, spreading, quick, instinctive,—even
unto passers by,—
Light and gladness from her being, artless
truth's intensity.
Then she for a moment lingered by the Milton
Cottage gate,*
Thinking, dreaming,—saw two visions, sad and
sweet :
One was of the fresh young maiden
In long past days the poet's bride,—
The other brought a strange heart tremor,
Secret, silent—Penn seemed standing at her
side :
Then her eyes fell to the garden, rested on the
ancient well,

* Note 5, page 312.



Gulielma

Whence oft Ellwood * had drawn for her
Draughts refreshing, ice-cold water,
And the spell of these memories seem'd to hold
her,
Sorrow for that youthful bride, saddened
thought too for the poet ;
And a flood, like storm-tossed tide,
O'er her rushed, swift and tumultuous,
Hoping, fearing, dreading, longing, close in
conflict,
While outside, on the road, she heard a footstep,
Looked not, knew, unseen, her second vision
Nearing, standing, waiting welcome, close
beside :
Came within a heavenly stillness, as the sea
At the spoken Word was silent, beautiful blue
Galilee :
And her sweet eyes raised to meet him,
And her hand gave to his own
Friendship's hallowed warmth and greeting,
Led the way, turned from the town,
Up the fragrant hillside roadway,
While they conversed, and he told her why he
came :
Told her of the persecutions Friends were
suffering everywhere,
Of the call he felt to help them, readiness their
lot to share,

* Thomas Ellwood, poet and friend of Milton.

Gulielma

Of the peace which crowned obedience,
The heavenly light God gave within,
Of the gracious helpful influence her dear
 mother, too, had been,—

Feeling he could ne'er repay her
All the debt of love he owed, and to him
Her second father, a saintly prisoner for Christ :
Then turned toward her eyes that questioned,
Half formed speech that came not forth,—
Dare he ask what she was thinking
As he approached her on the path ?
Would he learn a maiden's secret
Ere he disclosed to her his own ?

Now they left the hillside highway
Passed towards Bottrells, up the lane,
When lo, just in the way, before them,
John Milton and Thomas Ellwood came
Deep in converse, scarcely heeding
Or filled with quick considerate thought
Instinctive to their lofty natures
Passed them with a kind salute,



By the road to Bottrells

Gulielma

But as the great poet passed them by
A spasm shot across his face,
Made mystery of the massive brow,
Perchance in recollection early life's return
That first flushed crimson, then sent chilling
 blast,
A hidden sorrow over all his days.

Once more Penn questioned Gulielma
What lately had absorbed her mind
At their meeting in the village ?
Then her first thought she explained :—
' I saw in vision the blind poet
Fresh, impulsive, ardent, strong,
As he, long since in youth, had been
When he journeyed to the country,
Where his family held some land,
Met his first young bride and married,
And as quickly brought her home ;
Knew as little of woman's nature
As of this maiden he had won.
How the great mind of the poet

Gulielma

Formed an ideal for his wife,
Formed, in thought, an earthly Eden,
Formed all as if earth knew no strife !
Thought she would have comprehended,
Who had learned no sober thought,
Her husband's nature, views, and wishes,
Forgot young wives may needs be taught ;
Forgot how great the change was to her
Who all had left to be with him ;
Forgot what's worth forever keeping
With care is sought, takes time to gain ;
Denied his own heart, which had led him,
Gave place to pique 'gainst her he wed ;
Forgot instinctive woman's nature
Oft keenly feels what men ignore ;
Prized lightly what she first had given,
Consent to follow where he led—
Forgot his vows, grew sour instead ;
Forgot small kindnesses and pleasings
Oft smooth the way for high ideals ;

Gulielma

Forgot those wedded should be lovers,
With patience win what haste would spoil.

And she who thought she could not let him
Draw her to him, make her great,
Since self denial, soul of greatness,
Joy's indwelling, she ne'er had known.
Her home one of light-hearted revel,
She had come as one unversed
In higher play of human life :
And when the mask of the ideal
Had fallen from his and from her mind
She found a being far beyond her,
Strange, austere, uncomprehended,
And shrank, nor sought unto his height.

He who dreamed of sweet elysian
Comradeship, and love's sweet hours,
Found instead no will responsive,
A thoughtless empty mind of clay,
Moulded, fashioned, formed most shapely,
But sordid to him as its mould,—

Gulielma

Soul depth wanting, heart unwakened,—
To all his world inanimate.

One long month, consuming dulness,—
Sick for her girlhood's jovial home,
With its cavalier mirth and gaiety,—
She left him, promised to return :
When she came not, he sent for her,—
His messenger met but rebuff,—
The poet bridegroom turned to anger,
Resolved she never more should come.
Two years' absence, still she came not,
Ruin struck her early home ;
Then she longed to come back to him,
Sought his friend's house till he came,
Fell upon her knees before him,
Pled to be again his wife,
Touched to depths within his nature,
Made him feel he too had blame.

He received her, and thereafter
Seven years they lived together ;



Bottrells, Chalfont St. Giles, once the home of Gulielma

Gulielma

Children four she bore to him,
His three daughters thou hast seen :
Anne, Mary, Deborah, but the son,
John, died in his infancy,
The mother too at Deborah's birth,
Leaving three forlorn young children
Unhappy in their father's home,
Unmoved even by all his genius,
Without soul rest to comfort them.

Such the tale of his first wooing
That filled my thoughts this evening hour,
But here, we have arrived at Bottrells,
Come in and sup ere thy return.'

Swiftly sped that evening hour,
But, ere the young man took his leave,
Their thoughts again to Milton turned,—
The tale just told of that young bride :—

' It is not love,' said Penn, ' to fondle,
Idly waste, indulge, and spoil

Gulielma

In mere self-pleasing, pride, uxorious,
God's last and best creation woman.
And more than mischance 'tis to fail
In this high enterprise of life,
To follow fancy, whim, caprice,
And from a passing glance make choice :
It is a wrong against high God
To wed, and leave all wooing past !—
The courting He designs to bless
Is but begun at wedding feast ;
All of true worth in those He joins
Still needs His spirit and His care ;
Love *seeks* not first ; its joy to *give*
Even as the Lord Christ gave Himself ;
Love lives not most in gifts most rare,
But in those little common things
Which, like a rudder, turn our life
Past shoals and rocks, o'er life's rough sea.

And this great master, whose high themes
Of Paradise, lost and regained,

Gulielma

Had greater, nobler, happier been
Had love not failed, first given him :
And she, in strength and grandeur grown,
Raised by her love to dignity
Of truth's emancipating power,
Had, too, been crowned with precious dower,
A husband's praise, her life in him.

They missed the mark, they suffered loss,
The world was weaker by their fall,
Has tasted, too, their bitterness,
And missed the help they might have given :
Nay more, had thought turned to divorce *
Instead of joy in marriage blest.

O friendship rare ! high destiny
There is for those whom God makes one
In faith,—friendship's true sympathy,
Desire to bless, sweet ministry
Of patience, kindness, truth and love.

* Note 6, page 314.

Gulielma

Yet oft through bitter sorrow led—
Thro' anguish, pain instead of joy,
God only can our wills employ
Which else His love had lightly spurned :
Yet no delight has He in pain—
Christ came for joy souls to regain.'

Penn ceased,—their further converse turned
From that long past to present need :
Those roughly torn from home to prison
Through laws outraged or misapplied
To suit each party when in power.
The strenuous face and kindling eye
Revealed Penn's deep intensity,—
While, tender as a woman's touch,
Quick sympathy, keen intellect,
Showed mind and heart activity.
He knew she, too, his sorrow shared,
Heart sadness few could understand,
By no hint, look, or word revealed
The high strong sense of friendship pure,

Gulielma

In which truth's freedom they enjoyed,
Made silence e'en communion sweet.

Although no spoken word then told
Disclosed their deeper secret thought
They knew the trust, the sacred bond
Which God's love weaves when to Him turned
The wills, the lives whom Heaven would join.

IX

THOMAS LOE'S DEATH

IN the conflict fierce for freedom
In the sorrow for his father
Penn had suffered—now was stricken :
He with Pennington, Loe and Whitehead
For Friends' liberty had laboured ;
To the first named Penn wrote fully
How they progressed when he left them,
Of their going to High Wycombe
And of Loe's last sudden illness.
Penn himself had been laid prostrate
Four days when he learned Loe's danger,
Prepared himself and sought his bedside.

Like a prophet of Jehovah
In the long past age of prophets
Now this old and valiant witness
To Christ's covenant of promise

Thomas Loe's Death

When the young man came beside him
Raised himself, upheld and strengthened
For a dying charge and blessing.
Near to him as boy and stripling,
Nearer in his dawning manhood,
When his strong heart made surrender,
Penn had been loved by this preacher ;
And the subtle bonds of union,
That on earth bind, too, for heaven,
Had been closely formed between them,
And in both, with thoughts uplifted,
Had been fraught with joy unending.

Now upon the inspired teacher
Came enduement, strength and power,
And the bed e'en shook beneath him
As he gave his parting witness
And his last charge to the young man :—
' Bear thy cross, dear heart, stand faithful,
God will give thee crown of glory,
None shall ever take it from thee,—

Thomas Loe's Death

There is not another way—
This is the way men walked of old,
And it has prospered, it shall prosper.
God immortality to light has brought,
Immortal life in blessedness :
Glory to Thee, for Thou art worthy !
My heart is full. What shall I say ?
His love o'ercomes me,
My cup runs over—my cup runs over,
Glory to His name for ever !
Friends, keep faithful to your witness ;
Live to God, He will be with you.
Be not troubled. He shines on you,
The Lord has shined—has shined upon me,
Many times when I seemed going,
Upon my tabernacle the Lord has shined
And by His power has raised it up.'

' It was more potent,' wrote the young man,
' Than all the outward potions given,
And again he rose enlivened.'

Thomas Loe's Death

But now for him life's sunset nearing
Shot with gold o'er all the heavens,
Then paled into sweet grey calmness :
And within, the gold and purple
From the opened gates celestial
Seemed to fill the simple chamber,
Grew and deepened in the twilight
As a Presence, felt, impressive,
In the hushed peace of heaven's silence.

From his labours, travels, perils,
Amidst his ancient friends now gathered
He at last laid in great stillness
Centred in his spirit, resting
In the life that knows no ending :
Thus he passed, and Penn bemoaned him
Whom he fondly loved when living :
Through the night the body rested,
Then next day to earth they laid it.

Thomas Loe's Death

What is death ? A pine tree's murmur
Makes more sound, e'en when it whispers
'Neath the softest breeze of summer,
Than man's soul oft makes in passing.

Who can follow, when, returning
To its Maker's hand completed,
Life makes haste on its last journey ?

How shall plummet ever fathom
Depth to which in death descending
Unhoused soul and mind immortal,
When far past conception's portal,
Sink and sink till self has vanished,
And the Christ form shapes the spirit ?



X

PERSECUTION AND IMPRISONMENT

BACK to toil for truth and freedom
Penn with earnest ardent spirit
Preached and travailed, wrote, disputed,
Published 'Sandy Foundations Shaken,'
Set living faith as 'Truth Exalted,'
Bore the brunt of ceaseless conflict,
Felt the force of true life surging
'Gainst a stream of self-indulgence,
Pride of ease and pride of privilege,
Seated dogma, fierce, intolerant,
Even the fury of the bishops
And state chief secretary's anger,
Who now unjustly Penn imprisoned
In close confinement in the Tower.

Blood of martyrs, power of pureness
Basely bound in each world crisis,

Persecution

Cry to God through all the ages—
Cry, and know high heaven's answer
In fresh strength still given to suffer :
Cry and wake no empty echoes
But Christ's reward thro' loss for others ;
And in the calm eternal councils
Plans of heavenly grace perfected
Work out wisdom's wondrous glory
Through the darkest persecutions.

Nine long months Penn laid imprisoned
His friends forbidden access to him,
Threats he ne'er should get releasement
Till he had made a recantation.
' Tell them,' said he, though sad-hearted,
' This prison even my grave shall be
Ere I renounce my just opinion.'

In the gloomy dark seclusion
Of this grim old fortress prison
Now ' he wrote as one inspired '—
Living words destined for ages :

Persecution

Wrote too from a breadth of vision,
Fruit of wide and thoughtful reading
Soul-nurtured in a noble spirit
Honest, truthful, sincere, holy,
With keen perspicuous penetration
Truths that well might win all peoples,
Place his name with the immortals,
Glorify the Lord and Saviour
Who had so lately called his master.

This great work, set like a jewel
Lustrous midst a mass of writings,
Shines through intervening darkness,
Shows how near were our great causes
To those inspired early thinkers,
And how near the world's acceptance.

Sad the mischance that our forebears,
Followers of those first reformers,
Through world praises and approval
Largely lost this holy ardour,
Lost the grip of faith's strong spirit

Persecution

Which made those mighty men the masters
Of even those who made them prisoners !

Now the crown jewels of our kingdom
In the same grim tower guarded
Make our British blood move swiftly
Proud of our long line of princes,
Heroic names of Edwards, Henrys,
Good Queen Bess and great Victoria ;
Yet the time draws near, is coming,
When the stalwart youthful Quaker,
Who there wrote in pure sweet English
Lines which shine a light, a beacon,
Even a world poem in a title
Setting forth the truth immortal
His loved friend had left in passing,
' No Cross, no Crown,' shall be held dearer
In men's souls than all earth jewels ;
Since they link our souls to heaven,
Join to Christ all kings and kingdoms,

Persecution

Thought and purpose, crown and glory,
Lift to the unseen, eternal.

With a power rarely equalled
Even by those in age maturest
Christian faith, enshrined, illumined,
In wise words and earnest pleadings
Clothed by love with patient spirit,
Beams out from the cross of Jesus,
Makes life's narrow pathway plainer
As we read these lucid pages.
Then the lapse through mere profession,
Sad decadence from Christ's teaching,
Shunning light and choosing darkness,
Heathen practice, forms for worship,
Till the daily cross forsaken
Left the soul unblest, unholy,—
All was traced from source to sequence :
Self and pride, ambition, avarice,
As they strive to have dominion—
Nor least in the worldly christian,

Persecution

Fashion's slave, and honour's seekers
Who for gold buy place or power
Perishing often ere they clutch it :
Showing e'en God's own forms hateful
Unless they have His spirit in them.
Then the blessed heavenly portion
Of those who through glad self-denial
Live within the spiritual power
Christ's cross brings to those beneath it—
' Heaven the throne, earth but the footstool
Of man that hath self under foot '—
Find Christ's cross the way to crowning,
Life and grace and joy in Jesus.

Thus this book, six times reprinted
In the lifetime of its author,
And a score more since his dying,
Oft translated and republished,
With its strong appeals to conscience
Shall hereafter find still greater
Place in minds of men, when seeking

Persecution

End of war's inhuman conflict,
Source of Christ life in this present
World of striving, and attainment
Of true brotherhood and welfare.

Freed from this unjust imprisonment,
Ere he passed once more to service,
Again Penn sought his friends of Chalfont,
Removed now to the ancient Amersham.

XI

THE PROPOSAL

'Twas early on a glorious June day,
The month of nature's bursting fulness,
When sweet fresh airs of fragrant Bucks
Swept o'er the pleasant rolling slopes
And wealth of spreading beechen woods
Made soft and soothing melody,
Penn found his friend, fair Gulielma,
Fresh from some kindly ministry
Along the highway o'er the hill.
When greeting and kind welcome given
Renewed their former fellowship,
A silence fell, and then he spoke :—
'Hast thou yet heard the thrilling matchless
 song
Poured forth by speckled and grey-throated
 thrush
All through the breaking of the early dawn
From yonder tree-top in that narrow lane ?

The Proposal

Its note is nature's gladness in the opened
spring,

Rich, strong, exultant o'er the time of cold,
The frost that held in check each bursting bud
And warned all early blossoms 'gainst advancing
yet :

That love song of the thrush, that voice of
spring,

The gladness of life's opening day, is also mine.

Again, dost thou remember that first day we
met,

The throbbing bound of inward impulse keenly
felt,

It almost might have seemed a pain instead of
joy

For very force of its own swift tumultuousness ?
The heart's leap from itself, emotion's mighti-
ness,

That makes all other feeling pale before its
power,

Swift, sudden, as the course the torrent takes
Where Minnehaha leaves its birch-lined banks,*
Sweeps o'er the ledge and plunges, with
tumultuous voice,

Into the river's land-locked depth of calm below,
As now I seek to find my own in thy calm life.

* Note 7, page 314.

The Proposal

Beloved, let me speak that now which then I
strove

To hide from observation, even with unconcern
To cover love awakened, that with its boundless
thrill

Of heaven given gladness most can make a man
Know how God meant and purposed at the first
In us to find His image, lost in Paradise,
Yea, lost through loss of love to one He gave
Sweet helpmeet in that happy state, who, truly
loved,

And led to highest service, not to self,
Had been the mother, not of brother's strife,
But of all grace and goodness born of God.

I come not to thee, Guli, as my father's son
Save in the love and longing of a filial heart
That, outcast from his favour for truth's sake,
Has found that truth can deepen all true love
And purify and purge it from self dross.
And what we are is what the soul reveals
In moments when asunder fall our earthly props,
Or when in very depths our feelings strongly
stirred

The Proposal

Give to the will abandon for the cause at heart,
Make all that's outward calm, controlled, and
still,
Save only the soul's light that flashes in the
eye,—
Index in man of what God saw, when, at the
first, He called all good.
Thou hast had many suitors, those who sought
thy hand
And brought, to win their purpose and thy
favour, high renown
As this world counts advancement, titles,
wealth,
And nobleness in person and in mind, else they
had been
No friends who dare aspire to thy pure mind,
Much less could ever hope admittance to thy
heart.
And I, disowned by those to whom I owe my
birth,
And late a prisoner in the Tower, dare not urge
Or make my suit, or tell thee of the love I hold
for thee
Above all power of utterance, since the prospects
that were once so fair
For easy maintenance and fitting state have
darkened o'er ;
And yet I am not free to keep from thee a
declaration of my mind

The Proposal

Nor deem it right that I should longer from
thee hold
That which in secret it has fondly ventured
hope,
In fulness of God's time and for life's great
fulfilment
To His praise, that thou, beloved, shouldst
become my wife.
Forgive the daring—nay, accept the faith I
utter now,
When lo, with humbled heart in sight of God, I
feel
By will of His, and love of His own giving, thou
art mine.'

Then she,—o'er whom the rush of this con-
fession ran
As sweeps a crimson light at dawn across a
calm pale sky
From rising sun to farthest bound of heaven,—
Shot one swift glance from deep and penetrating
eyes
One halting moment,—indecision's,—nay, a
woman's life
Ingathering to surrender, conquest, great soul
enterprise
In that new world a strong man's love, his
constant boundless care,
A life committed to his trust, his joy, his pride,
To be all that God for him planned, his loving
wife ;—
She,—whose gentle speech and freedom, fruit
of noble mind,

The Proposal

Had ever held the even tenor of her way before
unmoved,

Whose few well chosen words their sweet set
purpose filled,

And every cadence of whose voice gave inward
joy,—

A hand laid swiftly on his standing by her side,

A movement, more, a motion strong and sure,

That told all that words failed, as their lips met

In one long lingering touch, and then hers
passed

To sweet and silvery speech : ‘ Beloved I am
thine :

The inward intuition, that to me came at first,
I felt from God ;

And I have waited for thy coming, knowing
His thou wert

And He would send thee to me,—make thee
know

That which I apprehended then—I was for
thee,

And thou wert mine : O, William, now, for ever,
I am thine.’

XII

ADMIRAL PENN

THE Admiral Penn still held his way
With strong tenacious unchanged pride,
And yet the force of truth and right
In one so near as son and heir
Contrasting with intrigues of court
And changing favourites, party strife,
Began to work new thoughts within,
Brought to his mind fresh estimates
And questions like that asked of old,
'What doth it profit a lost soul
If he a world wealth here should gain?'
And though he saw not his son's face,
He let him take his mother's plan,
Look to his Irish lands again.

An eight months' stay across the sea
Set high Penn's value as of yore :

Admiral Penn

From lands to meetings, pleadings for
Imprisoned Friends with those in power
At last procured their glad release :
And, instant in his ministry,
Christ's gospel message welcome found
Through his outspoken eloquence
In those warm-hearted Irish homes.
But now again he was recalled,
Though not in anger as before :
Sir William, in declining health,
No longer sought to change his son,
For reconciliation greatly longed.

Hard service and a strenuous life,
The hardy seaman's tireless zeal
And public duties all had told
The need of rest, that came too late :
But not too late his change of thought,
For with desire he met his son ;
The worldly prospects, once most sought,
Appeared now in a different light—

Admiral Penn

Even but as shadows in his sight
No longer set on this gay world.
He saw the greatness that is given
Where truth's convictions have control,
And faith renews within the soul
The vision through pride and anger lost :
And o'er him passed the mystery—
The change of mind, the new-made heart
Born of God's peace,—who long had fought
Stern battles on far distant seas,
Found his son's joy for bitterness :
But short the time for lost years gone
Love's compensation now to prove :
And short the respite given his son
To pay love's tribute to his sire.

The famous trial was now at hand
Of William Penn and William Meade,
The trial too of those brave men
Their jury, whose great courage saved

Admiral Penn

The right for all succeeding time,
To justice from twelve true good men.

The power of Mayor, Recorder, Court,
Their madness to conviction gain
For unjust charges wrongly made,
These brave men met, and their abuse,
Their starvings, threats to slit the nose,
Their fines, and their imprisonments,—
But to their true opinion held,
And gave their verdict to their mind
Acquitting still the innocent,
Upholding thus both law and truth.
So great the inroads against right
By men in power in those dark days
That Penn and Meade were prisoners still
In pestilential Newgate gaol.
Great was Penn's grief, by this denied
Attendance at his father's side,
Whose state of health now serious grew.

Admiral Penn

This prison—even a gate of death
To many entering its dark walls,
Could not deter these dauntless men
Who ceased not to demand their rights ;
And soon the Court of Common Pleas
Condemned Recorder and Lord Mayor's course,
The right of trial by jury saved,
Great charter liberties re-affirmed,
Set this victorious jury free.

Returned to Wanstead, Penn now found
All chance of restoration gone
He for his father fondly hoped,
And this great seaman near his end.
The son records his dying charge :—
' Son William I'm weary of the world,
I would not live my life again
Could I command it with a wish :
The snares of life are greater far
Than even, at hand, the fear of death ;
It troubles me I should offend

Admiral Penn

A gracious and an all-wise God,—
The thought has followed me this day.

‘ Oh, have a care of self and sin,
It is the sting of life and death ;
These things I to you now commend :—
Let nothing in this world e’er tempt
You to your conscience do a wrong ;
So will you keep the peace at home,
’Twill be a feast should troubles come.
Whate’er you would design to do
It justly lay, and seasonably time.

At disappointments be not troubled,
If they recovered may be, do it ;
If not, your trouble is in vain ;
Could you not have helped it, be content,
There’s peace and profit in providence,
And oft afflictions make us wise.
Could you have helped it, let not your trouble
Exceed instruction for another time.

Admiral Penn

These rules will surely carry you
With firmness and comfort through this world.'

Again before he passed away
Love's deep compassion moved him thus :—
' Son William, may you and your friends
Keep to the plain way which you preach
And to the plain way you now live :
Bury me beside my mother,
Live in love, and shun all evil,
I pray God bless you : bless you He will.'

And speaking thus he passed away,
Brave still to put far out to sea
As with sealed orders from his King,
And ready for the Pilot's hand
To steer him through death's rock-strewn shore

XIII

LOVE'S COMMUNION

THE son who had deep sorrow known,
Disownment, fierce parental wrath,
Sir William left as his chief heir,
As well his sole executor.
His mother now was Penn's first care,
For whom provision had been made
And for his sister and his brother,
The last of whom, death too, soon called.

When William sought once more the side
Of Gulielma down in Bucks,
But brief the visit, for his mind
Was drawn to apprehended call
Across to Holland, whence had come
His mother as the Admiral's bride ;
Yet, ere he went, some days were spent
In that true fellowship, best known

Love's Communion

Where closest union is presaged
With confidence of opened minds
From mutual understanding grown,
That, by disclosures frankly met,
Meet difference with full true regard,
And set the heart for God, and good
Of one desired for more than friend.

She shared the joy of his great mind,
Active, alert, resourceful, brave,
As champion of the Quaker faith,
Fiercely assailed on every side :
He met disputants, warfare waged
In great discussions, the custom then ;
Filled up the gap when others passed,
Through prisons, fever and pestilence,
To death as martyrs in truth's cause ;
And wrought a mighty work for God,
Large freedom for the faith of Christ,
Joy in the Holy Spirit's might.

Milton's Study, Chalfont St. Giles, where he completed "Paradise Lost" and began "Paradise Regained"



Love's Communion

Their converse touched a need still ours,
For nobler type of womanhood ;
To gain deliverance from the bonds
By usurped mastery basely won
And by man from her held too long.

They came again to sweet Chalfont,
Remembrance stirred of other walks ;
Refreshed once more from Milton's well,
And in the room where once he wrote,
Their words pursued again this theme,
Now further followed thus by Penn :
' And this is true—most true of all
The blessings that have come to men—
That she, most blamed for curse and fall,
Inspires, makes most atonement when
That comes from out the hand of God
The likest heaven that He bestows
His first great gift, His promised plan—
And she's heaven's wife, prepared for man :
Brought to him fragrant, holy, sweet,

Love's Communion

In loveliness, supreme, divine,
From God's own heart full of all grace,
The glory of His great design,
The source, the fount of endless joy,
The purest pleasure of paradise,
The promise of all life to be,
The Father's highest holiest thought
Complete creation, meet for man.'

To which responding Guli said :—
' Is man prepared for such high trust,
Or sees he herein first his will,
Lost to the higher nobler aim
To live with her bestowed on him
Life worthiest of headship of man ?
To work, to care, to guard, to love
The priceless gift set at his side,
Fulfil his vow, for her provide
Not merely raiment, fashion, pelf,
The dross of little and base minds,
But her own share in all heaven's will,

Love's Communion

Ennobling effort, sought out truth,
Standards of right for this world's needs,
Power in service, freedom, grace,
And her place in Christ's ministry.
These, all of these,—nay, so much more
Too long, to her, man has denied,
Made her his plaything or his slave,
Degraded life he should have saved,—
Therein denied Christ's sacrifice.'

O, halcyon days ! Where happier found
Than in this favoured Island realm ?
Than in the deep sweet confidence
Of those betrothed where all approve,
And place is given for growth of love
Through high regard and happy choice
To its full strength and fellowship
When crowned with sanction from on high.
This now their joy—more sacred, true,
Because spontaneous at first sight,

Love's Communion

Yet held in blessed glad control
That will of God alone might rule ;
And deepened by the contrast dark
To him of Tower and Newgate gaol,
So far as outward things can move
That which we are within the soul ;
In her by woman's sympathy,
Keen sense of wrong to those beloved.
But soon this fleeting period passed,
And he again, swift to the calls
That pressed each other for his help,
Gave fearless, noble, strong response :
First Oxford chancellery was stirred
By searching words against the wrong
To Friends who suffered at its hands ;
Then London meetings claimed his care
Before fulfilment of the call
To ministry across the sea.

XIV

NEWGATE AND THE CONTINENT

BAULKED of their aim in the great trial,
Which had recoiled upon their heads,
Those persecuting magistrates
Led by the lieutenant of the Tower
Resolved again to sentence Penn ;
Who, boldly preaching as his wont,
Was apprehended in Wheeler Street.
Sir John Robinson, the Tower lieutenant,
Strove all in vain to entangle him
By the act against conventicles,
Or by the Oxford six months act ;
And when both failed, the old snare used,
To tender Penn the allegiance oath,
Well knowing that he would not swear ;
And thus were countless humbler souls,
Whose loyalty none dare dispute,

Newgate

Snared into gaol throughout the land
To languish there, and often die,—
So dearly bought our liberty
For his refusal Penn was given
Now six months more in vile Newgate ;
Though what they planned to hinder him
But spread abroad the cause he pled,
For from his loathsome prison house
Came forth, through his prolific brain,
Work after work that published truth,
Promoted all they strove to stop,
And his ' Great Case of Liberty '
His pen proclaimed for prisoned voice,
Sent far and wide throughout the land.

At last release, and then he sought
Fulfilment of that old concern
That long had lain upon his mind,
Like many more the Father sends
To kindle light within the soul
And longing for world betterment,

Newgate

That burns an inward living fire
Consuming all that bars the path,
Or, His high purpose making clear
If some obstruction still remain.

All that Penn wrought no record tells,
But this is learned through later tours
That now at Emden in East Friesland
To seeking souls his steps were led :
Physician Hasbert and his wife,
With others, turned decided Friends,
And worshipped in this doctor's house.
Though by the townsfolk driven out,
Yet sixteen times returned again,
These, stripped of all they had possessed,
Held to their faith, for years endured,
Until a meeting round them grew
That claimed for founder William Penn.

Had like thoughts spread to Wilhelmshaven
Upon the neighbouring inlet sea,
And Prussian quest of conquering power

Newgate

Been given to peace and not to war,
And our world empire followed Penn,
How blest the stricken world to-day,
Saved its most awful agony—
A year, this sabbath,* swept by force
Of greatest human conflict known.

No life has perished in this world-wide strife
Without God's knowledge, Who is over all :
The sacrifice, the daring, e'en the purpose led
along
By others, comrades in creation's mighty
stake :
All nobleness through self-indulgence put aside,
All toil surrendered, business care and family
ties,
Yea, e'en the careless laughter of light-hearted
lads,
Who ne'er before had seen the serious side of
life,
Faced the apprehended call, arose to meet
its need ;—
These, these, and countless more, the widow's
only son,
The old man's stay from many a cottage
home,
All these have gone, and God knows everyone.

If all such human sacrifice, so far flung, awful,
vast,
Availed to purge forever from this fair smiling
earth

* Written August 1915.

Newgate

This monstrous growth of selfishness, modern
misnamed 'war,'
Although stupendous beyond words in castle
and in cot
Its fatal grip on human thought that discounts
Christ-taught faith,
Then might it not seem futile, waste, immeasur-
able loss,
A sum of long-drawn suffering no world balm
can assuage :
But if all goes to build again worse than old
enmities,
A world made mad in bitterness, implacable
wild hate,
Makes wreck of moral rectitude, perverts the
force of right,
Denies the worth of common good that makes
the sum of daily life,
Destroys world commerce, poisons hope of
world-wide peace on earth,
Hurls back to Heaven its law of love, its
message of good-will,
Casts out again the Christ new-born, forbids
the Bethlehem song,
Stops ears and shouts blind Babel words, con-
fusion's twisted tongues,
Bitter rancorous arguments, world morals
dead, dethroned,—
Could foul invention baser use or darker out-
look find,
Or wrong of hell more poignant, baleful in-
strument devise ?

Newgate

O God, of old our help, our stay, hear inter-
cession's cry,
Hurl down into abysmal depths these old
delusions vile,
And make again the earth a place for holiness
and prayer ;
An upward rising blessed way for weary souls
of men,
Made drunk erstwhile with glamour, poisoned
material gain,
Distorted sense of earthly power, insistence of
self-will :
And by Thy might omnipotent inbreathe Thy
will in men
Till every distraught soul seeks Thee, all
hungry ones are fed,
And peace enthroned in government shall
reign till time shall end.

XV

MARRIAGE

O MYSTERY of human wills ! unique, concentric,
and diverse,
In all God's universe of force apart, alone,
Demanding for completeness something more
Than any single soul in itself knows,
Beyond all self persuasion inborn need,
Communion's hunger, — more, life union's
claim
To find a counterpart meet from God's hand !

To William when returned from o'er the sea
This utterance of himself and Guli shaped
itself
And set before him for completion that joint
life
That, visioned at the first entrancing, sweet,
Had grown in strength by knowledge gained
Of mutual love and fitness for the state
In which, through Christ, two wills made one
Move to accomplishment of heaven's behest :
That earth be lightened from its primal curse
Love re-created give life from the dead.

Marriage

With that fine poise of gladness and restraint
Which marks those lives that likest Christ's
are lived

In ever choosing first the Father's will
And doing those things pleasing in His sight,
That waits His time each purpose to fulfil
And knows the utter gladness of all good,
That shares all nature's greatness and its calm,
Thus slowly now, with thoughts and plans
revealed

That, for them opening, clearness might be
found,—

These, in whose souls so deeply God had
wrought,

Now forward with their purpose progress made.
At first toward Worminghurst, in Sussex,
thought was turned

On that estate to seek their first abode ;
Way opened not ; it was to be deferred ;
And just outside the borders of the homeland,
Bucks,

They chose instead a humble dwelling place
One meet for those the followers of the Christ.

Before two regular public meetings both
appeared,

Declared, with due regard to all concerned,
their wish,



*Entrance to Basing House, Rickmansworth **



Penn's Chair

* Note 8, p. 314

Marriage

Got leave of gathered Friends to forward go
With their intention to its full accomplishment,
The hallowed sweet beneficence of heaven's
will

And first provision for the welfare of our race.

Within the quiet precincts of ancient Chorle-
wood

At King's Farm house their marriage now took
place,

In that most simple form, solemn, holy, sweet,
When each unto their friend life dedication
gave,

A simple covenant of love, that sundering
scarce has known.

And to their mutual promises, as witnesses
thereto

Some six and forty Friends subscribed the
parchment roll,

And certified the bond, with ministry and
prayer

Shared sense of heavenly sanction, gladness,
joy

In this most blest and sacred covenant of life.

Fair beautiful home country from Chiltern
to Herts Hills,

Set o'er between with fair beech woods and
close stout-hearted oak,

Murmuring groves of fragrant pine, the silvery
birch's graceful form,

Blazing and sweet-scented broom, pink and
purple heather,

Marriage

Sweeping valleys, hollow dells, where purling
streamlets run
And deep swards break the bracken banks
amidst leaf carpets brown,
Where prickly holly darkly grows, rambling
ivy tendrils cling,
Life o'erruns age and decay, nature's endless
offering—
The mountain ash their berries show and
smooth-barked hornbeams blush
Invite the song of nightingale, or blackbirds
to a feast,
Awake the cuckoo's mournful call, the thrush's
blithest song,
The soaring skylark's fearless note, or night
owl's piteous cry :
O loyal-hearted Bucks and Herts, responsive
to the sun
That makes your brown resplendent slopes
the blest abodes of peace
Meeting storm winds in their course, braving
all their blasts,
To you our hero lover today has brought his
bride,
Has sought short breathing space and ease, a
respite from the strife
In freedom's long contentious fight 'gainst
persecution's wrong,—
To learn the strength affection gives, to give
to fond sweet wife
Heaven's gift of man's devotion pure, and
strong love's tenderness :



*Basing House, Rickmansworth**
The first home of William and Gulielma Penn.

* Note 8, p. 314.

Marriage

O welcome then these coming home,—they
come as conquerors,
For theirs is might held from the Christ, His
peace and joy enthroned.

Has earth known aught more blessed, aught
more the Father's care
Since first He gave the garden home when only
love was there,
Than this when the betrothèd have its con-
summation found,
And, one in heart, they share life's care and
earth is hallowed ground?—
O glory of God's gracious plan, supreme of
heart's delight,
Two lives made one immutable, two wills
joined in God's own,
Two minds that meet the thought of each, all
selfish life dethrone,
Two souls that live heaven's high intent, make
earth join heavenly home.

'Twas evening when through Rickmansworth
they down the High Street passed
To modest brick-built cottage home, and glory
seemed to rest
Upon these 'children of the light,' God had so
strangely led
From claims of rank and state to find in simple
Quaker life
The greatness He had planned for them and
thro' them for mankind.

Marriage

Within the house fair Guli sped, then turned
and naïvely said :

‘ Dear husband, to thy own fair home I give
thee wifely welcome ! ’

Then he, aglow with happiness, touched too
with heavenly joy,

Took both her hands, bent o’er her form, and
slowly made reply :

‘ Beloved, blessed be the light that opened
first to thee

And mother, stricken ’neath your loss, dear
father’s call to heaven ;

And blessed be the light that led dear mother
to the truth,

And kept thee for this blessed day—love’s
triumph for us both :

My darling Guli, may our lives forth tell
heaven’s goodness for earth’s need,

And many through this humble home, to God
in dedication given,

Draw near to Him, walk in His light, the
Saviour Christ find e’en their own.

And dearest, be it ever too more than our first
abode

And place of sweet repose : may we herein
together grow

In all the Father wills of life—even living
sacrifice

Of all we are, all we possess, in mind and in
estate ;

And, gladly telling love of Christ, live His life
toward all men.’

Marriage

He paused—a flutter for an instant, swift as
thought,
Swept her slight form, as sometimes startled
bird
Shakes all its plumage as if it boldness there-
from drew,—
And then it passed, and she, in sweet low
voice,
Made answer to her husband, now within his
home :

‘ William, with thee I find my own, my heart’s
desire,
And joy already dwells within these walls :
In them thou shalt no barrier ever find
Across thy path, unfitting thee for service,
but easy mind
Since I, who God today has made thy own
true wife,
Join heart and soul with thee in all to which
thou may’st be called.’

The evening closed—on bended knees they
benediction sought,
Gave praise, as incense, from glad hearts and
answering clearness felt ;
Renewed their dedication vows to freedom
and to truth,
Till solemn stillness closed them round with
worship’s holy light,
And stars above them watch fires kept through
all that sweet spring night.

XVI

REST AND SERVICE

RESTING, as the old law sanctioned
With sweet joyance of life blessing
Fresh in newly wedded joy ;
Wakening, as the sun new risen
Dark dispelling world re-making
Outward streams its light and heat,
Glad soul union, onward sweeping
In this joint strength lately found,
Knowing breadth of human feeling
As they ne'er before had known ;
Loving every living creature
From full hearts o'erflowing spring
As when marriage first was given ;
Happy in heaven's richest blessing
Mutual trust, life in each other,
Worship, earth toil hallowing :

Rest and Service

Thus began their life of service
For their God and for their fellows
Work to know on earth no ending.

In the quiet months that followed
Adding strength to this blest union,
Fitness for the world-famed project
That the coming years should cover ;
Adding later to their household
Joy of parentage, child laughter,
Then the grief of children taken :
Still they found what they had followed
Love to Christ their highest calling,
Love of men their chief possession.

How five years sped swiftly onward,
Full of almost ceaseless conflict
'Gainst wrong, injustice, persecution,
Debatings, writings, speech persuasive,
Love's strong arguments and learning
Helped form thought throughout the nation ;
How there came the great conception

Rest and Service

Of his mighty work far westward
Can have here but passing mention.

Simple, modest, was their dwelling,
But for serious life most seemly
Since humility 'tis should lead,
Not the love of vain display
Folly's snare for shallow minds ;
Nor vaunting proud ambition reign,
Oft the curse of great men's lives.
There to them were born three children,
And at Jordans all were buried.
In those years Penn often journeyed,—
When Guli might they went together,
Joy to each no words could utter ;
For that reverence, pure and holy,
Known in all true-hearted lovers
Grew and deepened, ne'er diminished,
Never founded in self-pleasing.
Once, a year from when they married,
Thus they journeyed west to Bristol,

Rest and Service

Meeting there George Fox, returning
From his voyage o'er the ocean.
In glad fellowship they travelled
To that then great sea-port city ;
Sweet their converse, ever restful
To Penn's earnest, ardent spirit ;
Dear to her all that he strove for—
Woman's heart reveres a hero,
Woman's joy lives in her lover ;
And their love had springs still deeper
In Christ's gift of life o'erflowing,
Great soul's joy in God's creation,
Greater still in man His creature.

Through the valleys, by the river,
Happy days of healthful travel
O'er the way she once had journeyed
Shielded by the Quaker Ellwood :
Happy with her noble husband,
Companied also by George Whitehead.
As they progressed they held meetings,

Rest and Service

Spreading widely the glad gospel
Of God's nearness and His favour
Unto all who truly seek Him.
When they had arrived at Bristol
Lo, a vast concourse of people
At their annual fair's great gathering.
Great, too, was their joy to meet there
George Fox who had now just landed
From his long religious errand
To the North American colonies
And the Isle of the Barbadoes.
Happy union now in service,
Earnest, solemn, strenuous labours,
Richly blessed, and spreading blessing,
Many drew to their persuasion.

When at last they journeyed homeward
Happy were the hallowed memories
Of this service with her husband,
Spreading truth of the Eternal :
By his side how blest its sharing,
Now how rich in recollection ;
Happy was her sweet voice asking :—

Rest and Service

' Dost thou recall the overshadowing love
And sense of blest communion, hallowed,
sweet,

That came as we were gathered, even of God,
In midst of awe inspiring hush,
And weight of solemn stillness
Dwelt on us all, though vast the throng,
When near us rose George Fox
And spoke to our conditions, as those illumined
speak ?

And dost thou recollect the sense of light
And gladness all too great for words,
A living inward peace supreme,
That seemed to make this earth-life like to
heaven

When we were with assembled Friends
In that retired meeting, in holy fellowship,
To wait and worship and to seek His will,
Whose promise made of old still holds,—
Ye need not fear, ye little flock— ?
It is made true indeed to contrite hearts,
And those who seek His will infilling know,
Abiding joy, and living sense of blest security.'

Rest and Service

To whom her husband turned, his face aglow
With satisfying inward peace
And heart that welcomed these,
His fair wife's words, beyond all else :—
' My precious Guli, gift of Heaven's love
And grace and goodness shown to me,
I need not utter now in words
My heart's concurrence in thy thought ;
Thou knowest I have felt it too,
For all within me, which first drew to thee,
Gives answer to thy sweet inquiry,—it is so.

Full, strong, inherent, as from hills of God,
Like mountain torrent's tumult echoing far,
Like quickened course of spring in early man-
hood's life
That bursts the bounds that long held in their
grip
Its tiny rills and rivulets and broader streams,
So were the weighty, freshening, precious
truths
The Father sent us by our honoured friend.
Yes, it was precious thus awhile to rest,
Amidst that mighty concourse, in the calm
That held all spell-bound, till dear George arose

Rest and Service

And swept the company with the tender love
And heavenly power beaming from his eyes,
And, thrilling to the soul's awakening
As ne'er unaided human power can,
Widely o'er the vast assembly spread his
searching words.

The weight of that great message
Yet stirs deeply in my soul,
And shapes, in ever stronger outline,
Against life's foreground that may lie
For thee and me, beloved, just before,—
Not for life's strenuous conflict only,
But heaven sent lasting peace
Beyond the bounds of the Atlantic,
Where the Indian has his home.
And the love that e'er has drawn me in all
thoughts of this desire
Is the same to which we listened from those
lips so clearly led,
And by it I was bound to thee in bonds, sweet
wife, of love divine ;
Forever lost to other drawing, held only by
heart's love of thine ;
Nay, do not bid me stay my speech, at times
this life must overflow
So full it is of God and thee through His sweet
grace.'

Rest and Service

Returned again to their own home, around them
gathered many friends,
Who at Rickmansworth and Jordans with
them oft in worship met.
Profound, intense their joy in silence, soul with
soul heaven's riches shared :
There in calm stillness past restraint, emotion's
depths, heart's overflow,
Soul nearness finding life divine ingathered by
heaven's drawing power,
The peace of those by Christ indwelt, the spirit's
white heat pure hearts know :
True worship's holy vision rapt the Father's
sought out lost and strayed,
And contrite, through conviction called, saw
Christ the Lord re-clothed in light.
To bowed assemblies seeking Him,
Upturned, expectant inward sight,
There seemed One in the form of old,*
Who to their need and comfort spoke :
Revealed His rest and cleansing grace,
Was, as He promised long ago,
Known as the Presence in the midst.
Hearts were moved, dumb lips inspired, faces
told of lives made glad ;
As the sunbeams fell about them widely all
they were was shed
Convicting, guiding, helping, blessing, towns-
folk, yeomen, serving maid,
Love's light shone and hearts were lightened,
None came but o'er them love was spread.

* Note 9, page 314.



The Presence in the Midst
Reproduced from the painting by J. Doyle Penrose, R.H.A. by permission of the Artist and the Publishers,
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XVII

PREPARATION

NINE full years that next succeeded
Brought to Penn continual service
And further continental travels ;
But the record of these journeys
Must be sought amongst his writings.
There had been for some years growing
Greater clearness in perception
Of a vast scheme that unfolded
To his mind, and seemed required
That he thus might serve his people,
Provide retreat from persecution ;
Serve the truth of Christ's free gospel
For those driven from other countries ;
Win as converts to God's glory
Even the redskin native Indians ;
By just dealing, lenient measures,

Preparation

Commending to them Christ's true Kingdom :
In that new land even attempting
As an example to the nations
The blessed rule of righteousness,
In love of Christ ' an holy experiment ; '
As fundamental of this government
That all enjoy the free profession
Of faith and exercise of worship
Toward God in manner as such person
Believe in conscience is most true
To God, the Father of light and spirits.

First there came unlooked-for leading
Toward fulfilment of this purpose,
When, thro' difference of the owners
Concerning lands in West New Jersey,
Penn was called to arbitrate,
And later made trustee director
Of this wide tract of new country,
Led to send out a commission
And prepare for its direction,

Preparation

Codes of rules and regulations ;
To advise all its proceedings,
And purchase lands from the red Indians.
Thus prepared by this experience,
And through that of East New Jersey
Which he jointly owned with others,
Now he sought for his great project
From the crown, for loans long standing,
Purchase of the wide lands stretching
From the Delaware to Lake Erie,
Wherein there might freely settle
Those whom he had seen in vision
Of God's showing, not day dreaming,
Gathered as a great foundation
For the vast American continent
And the wider world of nations.

Through the forests, o'er the prairies,
Long had roamed the tribes of red men,
Children of the wide Savannas,
Children of the tangled woodlands,

Preparation

Hunters over plains and mountains,
Fishers in the lakes and rivers,
Quick to learn the face of nature,
Keen to mark its changing features,
Followers of the faintest trail marks,
Subtle foes of early settlers.

It was amidst these men he purposed
Trusting his own life and peoples,
Unarmed, undefended, faithful
To the power of God and kindness
Shown in fairness by just dealing :
But before this tale recounting
Again our thoughts must turn back homeward

Old England ever stood, still firmly stands,
For many noble causes, justice, truth,
Liberty of conscience, faith in God and man,
And yet I trow for none more blest of God
Than that sweet faith of pure betrothal
Known in every hamlet, as in town.
Though it at times miscarry, in the main

Preparation

A pure perpetuation of the faith
And truth of God as seen of old
In sweet and sacred face of Mary,
Mother of our Lord, at Bethlehem :
O, measureless the grace of her obedient life,
And boundless influence over after years,
Infinitude of blessing thro' her Son
O'er Whom her mother eyes first beamed,
As, low in manger laid, she saw
The Holy Babe according to the Angel's word :
In motherhood, the fount of home,
O'er all the earth no land more blest,
No heritage more rich from generations gone
Than Thine, Old England, in thy sons to-day.

Child eyes luminous, wondrous, bright,
Steady, sparkling as morning star,
Sweet calm confidence, innocence,
Blessed trust all written there :
These had blessed fair Guli's home,
Seven had nestled in her arms,

Preparation

But her sorrow, too, had come,
Grief in place of parents' pride,
As death took from them, one by one,
Four in infancy and childhood,
Left but three of all her seven.
Though she knew the depth of anguish
Mother heart love only fathoms
And the stricken empty yearning
For her babes torn from her bosom
Ne'er was heart pain borne more bravely,
Poignant sorrow by grace sweetened,
Nobler motherhood and wifhood
Held with truer poise, and purpose
To fulfil the Father's counsel,
Not with mournful morbid yielding
But soul surrendering love unto Him.
And the Saviour's faithful promise
To all who gave their lands or children
For His sake and for the gospels
In her found again fulfilment ;



*Friends' Meeting House, "The Blue Idol" *
Near Coolham, Sussex*



Interior of "The Blue Idol," where the Penns worshipped

Preparation

And the countless hearts that love her,
In all lands the wide world over
Hold her dear, her fair fame cherish,
And for her still name their children,
Are but first fruits of fulfilment
Yet to be in coming ages,
Though first won 'in persecutions'
With him she e'er held her dearest.

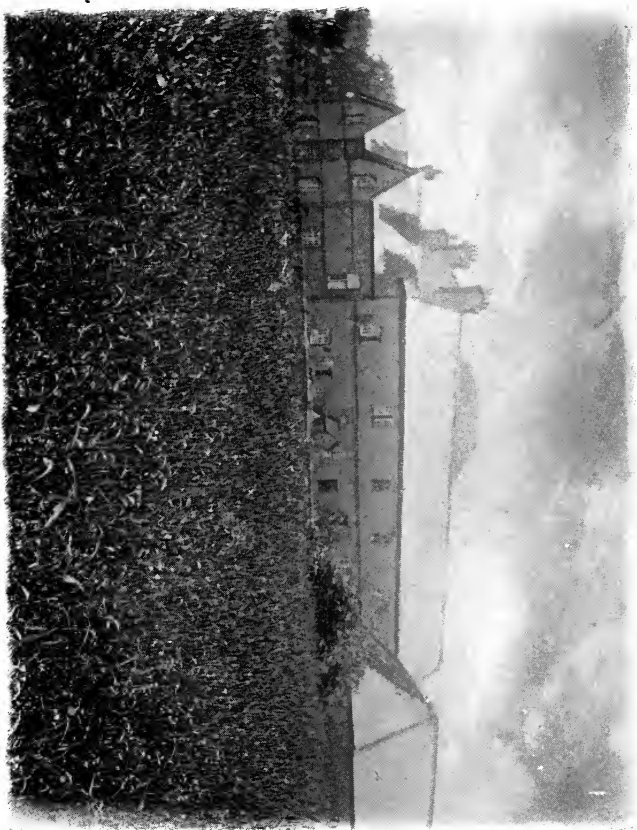
Before her son who grew to manhood
Bearing his brave grandsire's name,
Fair, accomplished, noble Springett,
Came to give his parents gladness
They had moved to Worminghurst *
Which from her father came to Guli.
In this homestead, not now standing,
Penn had planned with eager interest
Those great schemes of colonizing
Famous still, the most ideal,
Greater still—the most successful
Save for him their benefactor.

* Note 11, page 315.

Preparation

Long and earnest, deep, exhaustive
Thought and interest he gave to them
With the keenness of adventure,
With the zest of a peace-maker,
With the whole-souled trust of greatness,
Yet with less than needed caution
Shown toward those whom most he trusted :
For his just and generous spirit
Later met with wrong, injustice,
Made him, who gave most, most suffer
And therein, like to his Master,
Conqueror only through submission
To the pains brought on by others.

Now all thoughts were those of brightness,
Great hopes nearing consummation,
A highway to religious freedom,
To conscience burdened blest deliverance
In his fair land beyond the sea :
But more,—a mighty new adventure,
To prove the gospel of the Saviour



*Worminghurst—Old stabling and present farm house **

** Note II, p. 315*

Preparation

No counsel of ideal perfection
Unsuited to control the nations,
To be deferred to unborn ages
Or killed by specious sophistries,
Instead of lived to Christ's great glory ;
To show it of all life most cogent
In its faithful following reason ;
To prove Christ's peace in government
Even as the prince of prophets showed
The true and only certain rule.

Great were his hopes for Britain's glory
In these her lands across the sea ;
Had counsels of his wisdom lasted
To-day's world war had never been,
And in so far as they were followed
That land grew great and opulent,
A home for millions of all tongues,
Free education's pioneer,
World arbitration's advocate,
For peoples 'neath her flag free trade,

Preparation

Instead of caste free fellowship.
But in so far as her unfaith
Failed to hold fast that mighty trust
The prize was missed that else were hers,
And much of world trade to her lost,
Her power for good thus far curtailed,
Her peaceful ways less widely felt,
Her thought for gain immediate,
Thought for world needs less prevalent,
Her chances passed unconsciously,
Her mother's trade led every land
And merchantmen in all the seas.

And England, too, has made her fame,
Has won and held her world empire,
Whatever foes, traducers say,
Far less by might of armed force,
Which oft defeated her true cause,
Than faith and justice to the weak
Abiding sense of fairness, right,
And, e'en 'gainst seeming present loss,

Preparation

In paying fairly for all gained
And giving freely of her best
To distant or down-trodden lands.

But, whene'er in her unwisdom
She herein so failed to act,
Dear to her cost and world disgrace
The penalty to make amends.
'Twas thus of old she lost her States
Along the sea-board of the west ;
And so for long she failed to woo
And win the friendship justice brings
From dear warm-hearted Erin's Isle.

XVIII

WAR AND PEACE

HE whose convincement was midst strife
Of nation, government and sects,
Whose boyhood knew the great thoughts
 raised
By Cromwell and his ironside men ;
But saw how armies failed to win
What men's lives need ; and in the main
Leave residue of death and loss,
Hate for the future to o'ercome :
Yet saw this, too, with insight keen,
The foulest nettle grown on earth
That stings and poisons at the touch
Is war, with all its baleful ills,
That no redemption ever heals :
'Tis hoary, old, and full of sin,
Its seed has scattered far and wide,
It needs the grasp of youth and zeal

War and Peace

To tear it from its roots in earth,
And to the burning, as of old
They brought their idols, this to cast,
Till no trace lives from west to east :
The Rose of Sharon springs from peace.

How great the place the so-called 'strong man
armed'
Has held in christian minds in this strange
time,
When o'er the awful, long contested field
The censor's hand has cast deep mystery
And silence drawn the veil in this vast war :
Unlike all other wars ! Yea, truly, in portentous size
And in its power to blind the minds of men
To all the force and meaning of His words
Who spoke of 'strong man armed' but arms
refused
To fell even wicked men death stricken to the
earth.

An old man, tottering, bent with age and toil,
Just now passed by in earth-stained corduroys,
While at his side, in khaki suit, his stalwart
son,
Erect, with slackened easy pace strode slowly
on :
The one, all earth begrimed, come to give sad
farewell,

War and Peace

The other going, whither,—nor sire nor son
can tell.

For such has modern war become in these en-
lightened days

The so-called christian nations, students of
God's written word,

Send millions of their mightiest, prepared at
distant range,

To vie with sin destroying, nor e'en know when
nor where,

They deal black poisonous death around, in
vast credulity

Move on with wild strange eagerness, war-
maddened against men,

Though God is God who sent His Son, men
blindly crucify.

When this day twelve month past the land *
Was roused as ne'er in memory known,
Battalions formed, crossed o'er the sea,
While others quickly took their place,
The force of nature, hot within,
Rose, though unready, to the call ;
Young followers of Fox and Penn
Who might not slay their fellow men
Nor faith in power of Christ deny
Sought as they might to help and heal.

* Written 4th August 1915, a year after the outbreak of war.

War and Peace

And they went forth, these men of Quaker
mould,

Upon the quest of wounded, tortured life
To contact close with war's grim, awful strife,
world old,

In which the fathers of their faith were born,—
Young stalwarts from safe homes and peaceful
ways

Impetuous, strong, in flush of youth's warm
blood,

Eager, responsive unto apprehended need,
Earnest, aye anxious lest the chance be missed
And old objections thwart them of their goal.

Is their help less, who, true to conscience and
to call

In evidence midst men, oft slow to comprehend,
E'en dare as greatly, daring to stand firm
Where duty and command of Christ has bid
them serve ?

Yea, those who heard the voice, as Jesus heard
of old,

And knew it as His call to them by teaching,
by the life

He lived those thirty years in common toil
Beside the bench upon the slopes of Nazareth,
Although His land was 'neath the Roman heel,

War and Peace

Is theirs a life less potent for the spread of
truth

Who dare to live it out in quiet peaceful ways ?
Who felt no less than others all the natural
flame,

The indignation and the anger against wrong,
The throbbing impulse of the quickened atmo-
sphere,

Where masses move, as by a common force,—
Alike in this on either side for conflict ranged
And scarcely knowing, asking reason or the
right

To stake the truth, the teaching of the centuries,
Upon uncertain chances of material force,—
E'en those who felt it press, within, without,
on every hand,

Knew something deeper than its heat, howe'er
intense

Like consciousness that never once forsook
the Christ

And which He still bestows upon the seeking
soul

That, at all cost, with singleness of heart makes
choice

To follow fully all His apprehended will ;
And heard His call supreme through every
fibre thrill

To innermost of being and make clear
The path of duty, holding in life's common
ways,

War and Peace

In all revealing, teaching, practice, life co-incident

To that which pattern finds in Him the Saviour
of our race.

And men who to great causes give
Their manhood strength, their heart and soul,
May pass and seem to leave no mark
Though deep within faith ne'er goes out ;
Unsung may die, although their cause lives on.

Penn saw the majesty, greatness, yea the might
Surpassing fulness, seen within earth's common
round,

Omnipotent as light to penetrate and permeate,
Strong as the force of heat, the sun's long rays,
Or swift contracting grip of silent cold ;
And knew how God works on in common
things

Through daily round of lowly duty done,
The common toil of toiler's daily tasks
And how in such God's grace is glorified,
To humble contrite heart still comes to dwell,
Makes up the sum of greatness in mankind
For worlds of men unborn to build upon—

War and Peace

Albeit a foolish world beholds it not,
And blindly clamours still the old world's cry,
Ambition's vaunting plea, ' Give us a King ! '

Was he ambitious, too, of whom these lines
In vain attempt portrayal of what he was ?
Yes, truly this found course within his blood
Infusing ardour, heat, and noble pride
To set a true example of true life :
And if,—because this burned within his soul,—
A sanctified, illumined vision to him came,
All that was selfish, base or mean
Was driven wholly out by love's expulsive
power ;
And he, with all he had, all that he was
Gave ever gladly for the good of men,
In grace of Christ a christian gentleman.

XIX

THE HOLY EXPERIMENT

IN those far days 'twas no light task
To transport hundreds o'er the sea,
Midst dangers, tempests, piracy,
Some three months often under sail ;
And now some fourteen hundred souls
Had settled near the Delaware
And Penn's long-hoped-for time had come
Himself to go to his new land.

He named it for its famous woods,
' Sylvania,' Charles then added ' Penn '
To honour the late Admiral :
Penn strove to get the king to change,
Strike out this portion of the name
Lest it seem in him vanity
And not respect unto his sire,—
Of whom the king oft spake with praise—

The Holy Experiment

Hurt too the cause Penn had at heart.
The king replied that, 'it was passed,
He took the naming on himself
And Pennsylvania it should be.'
Much preparation now took place
Beyond all needs of emigrants :
Secure foundations for the state,
Laws suited to a reformed age,
A constitution that should meet
Alike the needs of rich and poor
And justice to the Indian give.

Great was Penn's exercise of mind
Beyond all previous outward things ;
His prayer, as then he wrote a friend :—
' Let now the Lord by wisdom guide me,
Preserve, and honour His great name,
Help me serve His truth and people
That this may be even an example
And standard set up to the nations ;
For this there may be room now there

The Holy Experiment

Though none as yet have we found *here.*'

These the motives that now moved him :
Establishment of peace and justice
Foundation of laws he now enacted,
Seen also in his administration
In all in which he could control it.
With great capacity for business,
An active comprehensive mind,
Free more than most from prejudice,
This greatness too he had of genius
The readiness to learn from others :
He saw the depth of those great truths,
Foundation verities given of God,
So lately spread abroad by Fox,
That drew from all preceding time
The essence of all highest law
And counsels of true government.
For surely still the truth is seen
Inscribed in codes of Sinai :
What greater, nobler mind has been

The Holy Experiment

Than his who had those laws in stone ?
Who from his call by burning bush
To his lone grave on Nebo's height
Saw truth of God and need of men,
In prophet's right a saviour stood
To God's own people, till He came
The Son of God, Eternal Light.
And if to Moses has been given
High honour, evermore his due,
To all who since, wise laws have made
To suit time's changes and men's needs
Let honour and respect be paid,
In every land, in every age ;
Nor least to him who now made known
His ' holy experiment ' in government
To bless a vast new continent ;
Yea, through it, many a motherland,
And yet shall wider blessing send.

Well known are many of his laws,
Framed for the common rights of all,

The Holy Experiment

Freedom from class or caste control,
Supremacy of great principles,
Wide freedom, peace, fraternity.
His code made crime's suppression first
Prevention and reforming aid,
Where legal vengeance long had failed :
That prisons be workhouses made,
Reformed offenders the looked-for end :
At one bold stroke two hundred faults
Were freed from the death punishment,
Retained long after here at home ;
Lands were within the reach of all
Provided part were forthwith used ;
And many further liberties
In other works have been set forth.

Two hundred years and more since passed
Had carried Europe toward the source
From which Penn's inspiration flowed—
The faith of Christ in love toward men,
To-day denied in world wide war.

The Holy Experiment

The Lady Penn whose widowhood
Found comfort in her brilliant son
And who through all Penn's darkest days
Had never failed in mother love,
Lived but to see now shadowed forth,
But not to consummation brought
Her son's great western commonwealth :
A few months ere he crossed the sea
She passed away to Penn's great grief.
Upon his health this sorrow told,
Deepened to great solemnity
His later farewell to his wife
As now at last he planned to sail.
To her and to his children left
He wrote in moving tender terms
Wise counsels of a mighty love :
He told again the oft-told tale—
She was at first God given him,
Love of his youth, joy of his life,
His greatest blessing then and since,

The Holy Experiment

His constant dearest earthly comfort :
And that which drew them at the first
Was God's own image in each soul,
The reason of his love was more
Her inward than her 'outward excellencies,'
'Which yet,' wrote he, 'were very many ;
God knows, and thou too knowest well
It was a match of Heaven's making.
Now I must leave thee without knowing
If I shall ever see thee more ;
My counsel take into thy bosom,
Let it dwell with thee in my stead.'
Then followed wise and loving words
To his dear children for their lives,
And since sent forth to many more.

Out from old England never sailed
A warmer, more true-hearted man,
Nor wiser, knowing great world needs
For which the nations struggle still :
Reforms which were not empty dreams

The Holy Experiment

But given of God for good of men,
By faith lived out in commonwealth
He gave his life and wealth to plant.
If they who followed soon forgot
It is the old tale told again,
When One wept o'er Jerusalem
' I would have gathered—ye would not.'

How bright the hopes, how glad the spring
Of eager, buoyant, venturing faith !
One hundred souls in the ship ' Welcome,'
Three hundred tons, sailed out from Deal :
But yet the pathway to great good
Is crossed by barriers frowning still,
The little vessel had but sailed
When fell disease struck the small hold,
Malignant smallpox swept away
Well nigh one third of their small band !
Amidst the sufferers Penn now passed
With human aid and Heaven's balm,
Heroic midst this deadly scourge,

The Holy Experiment

As midst all terrors he had been,
Strong and tender, gentle, calm,—
Nay, doing as but christians may
Infilled by,—in the Son of Man.
For weeks they sailed, the red sun fell
Through Indian summer's golden skies,
A world on fire in the west,
As if the crimson'd autumn leaves
Pressed in a deep vermilion orb
With glory circling o'er its crest
Dropped out of space—to sight was lost !

O'er night skies spread the milky way,
To lengthening height the zenith rose
A deeper blue, with brilliant stars,
Or draping clouds o'er silvery moon,
Or land like haze across her face
Renewed sad thoughts to those brave souls
Of loved ones lost and cast away
Into the boundless ocean deep ;
Yet faith was theirs, adventuring all

The Holy Experiment

To reach the new land of their quest,
Death's call had come—God gave them rest.

Thus day fired hope, night nurtured grief,
But over all Christ sent His peace :
So great the suffering all had borne
When fifty years had onward rolled
Old men and women living told
In fear its harrowing memories still.
Eight weeks they sailed, and then at last
Lo ! land ahead, their voyage o'er
They entered the broad Delaware.

XX

PENNSYLVANIA AND THE INDIANS

O, FOR some rare gift now to find
The words and phrases meet to give
The vision breaking on their sight :
' A sea of glass and mingled fire,'
As John of old in Patmos saw,
Set in October's crisp clear air
Midst wooded shores, the maple's flame
Scarlet and crimson, orange tinged,
Great leafy masses brown and green,
Bare limbs, where verdure once had grown
In centuries past, now gaunt and clean ;
The spiky broken landscape line
Which England ne'er can show, nor name,
Nor need, with her leaf-rounded trees ;
The stillness of the solitudes
Where yet at night the fierce wolves howled,

Pennsylvania

The soaring eagles poised on high
With white bald heads and wondrous sight
To face the sun or mark a mouse
Far down below midst sheltering grass,
Their great nests built of huge dead limbs
Aloft at top of towering pines ;
While nearer, 'neath the tangled banks,
Where crimson creepers lined the shores
Where dug-out caves made settlers' homes,
The poet's ' wedded rivers ' flowed
And ' like two mighty arms were thrown '
Around Coaquannoc,—the Indians' name
For where Penn's city since has grown.

With humbled, holy, reverent heart
He who in youth surrendered all
And now received so great a land
Held it even a trust from God
That for His service now he claimed.
Already Penn's commissioners
His preparations planned had made

The Landing of William Penn



Pennsylvania

With early settlers—Dutch and Swedes,
Who hailed Penn with acclaims of joy,
Asked to be 'neath his government.

Unique indeed this settlement !
Mingling of many tongues, and creeds
And those with none, for common weal,
Conquest of forest, mountain, flood,
Along the silent Schulykill,
The flowing forkèd Delaware
The Susquehanna midst the hills
And valleys of the western lands,
The Juniata, mountain crowned
Beneath the Blue Ridge purple haze,
The beautiful Wyoming vale
Scene later of war's tragedy
Loss of the lovely fair Gertrude
In Scottish poet's thrilling tale.

But who has skill or can describe
The glorious sweet October there ?
The fragrance of the falling leaves,

Pennsylvania

The stimulating frost nip keen,
The gathering wild fowl from afar,
The mild calm ministry of death
That steals o'er summer green or grey ;
The wind-swept air where heat has been
And drawn forth odours rich and rare,
The wondrous charm no words reveal
Tho' sight and senses, aye, the soul
That sees and feels and knows can tell
There's much of heaven on earth still.

Strange it may seem that here where dwelt
The fiercest of the red men's tribes,
The Quakers, who refused to arm
E'en for defence, should calmly come :
And strange it is to those who see
But things material, and but judge
Men's judgment, and forget their God ;
But unto those who thus came forth
Into these trackless forests wild,
Alone traversed by Indian braves,



The Last of his Tree

Pennsylvania

And felt no fear and locked no door,
It was no measuring man with man,
But faith that God protects His child
And cares for many more than one,
Sees evil 'neath both sun and moon,
The darkness hides not from His sight,
Can turn back evil ere 'tis done.

Ill would it here befit to tell
Or e'en attempt that so well told,
The legends of these strange red men,
The conquerors of this continent,
Which one worked o'er, like mine of gold,
In thrilling and blood-curdling tales
We sought and loved in boyhood's days,
Till magic name of Fenimore
Was synonym for youthful joy.

Those tribes of whom the world's loved bard
Wrote his immortal 'Hiawatha'—
First to catch our boyhood fancy,
Wholesome, pure in life's meridian,

Pennsylvania

Last to live when sunset settles
And old age steals youth's strength from us :
A native race's greatest epic,
Full of beauty, teaching, wisdom
Setting forth the mystic meaning
Nature's children freely gather
From the tree and from the torrent,
From the mountain, lake, and river—
How they learned from rhythmic movement,
Finding harmony in nature,
Poise of body, strength of spirit,
Picturesque, expressive language,
Power of silence, calm endurance,
Stern and stoic self control,
Unto truth and kindness open,
Yet whose day and glory vanished
Since they failed to honour woman ;
With a few and rare exceptions
Made her but a burden bearer ;
Shunning all revealed emotion,

Pennsylvania

Wanting her sweet tenderness,
Crafty grew, and cruel, and cunning ;
Followed legends and traditions
Of the fierce war path and vengeance,
Wasting themselves in destroying,
As to-day the world is wasting :
These the natives of this Province
'Midst whom Penn now came to settle.
While he lived, and his descendants,
They were free to hunt those forests
Since destroyed, and those who roamed them
Driven far beyond the prairies,
Stripped and peeled, but broken remnants
Of their tribes—most now extinct.
Who can listen to the pathos
Of their sad tale, and not ponder
On the fate of men and nations
Hand of God alone can shelter ?
Who has heard the weird, wild music,
By a ' subject race ' composer,*

* Note 12, page 316.

Pennsylvania

Of this song of Hiawatha
From a thousand blending voices
But has ever listened spell-bound ?
Who can think of Minnehaha
In the freshness of her girlhood
By the falls for which they named her
Sitting by the arrow maker
Till Hiawatha comes, her lover,
Asks the father for his daughter ;
Hear her frank and simple answer
When the father leaves it to her,
' Let your heart speak, Minnehaha,'
And she takes the seat beside him,
With the faith and trust of woman,
Speaks her only words save welcome,
' I will follow you my husband,'
And unconscious be that nature's
Children, savage or of culture,
Following truth and love are nearer
Heart of God and the immortal



*The Falls of Minnehaha **

* Note 7, p. 314

Pennsylvania

Than have man's conventions ventured ?
Who has listened to her dying
In the wigwam 'neath the pine trees,
After all her love and loyalty
To the husband whom she followed
From her distant far Dacotah,—
Heard her last cry, ' Hiawatha ' !
While he vainly sought food for her,
But has felt an inward choking
Common to great grief and sorrow
Shared by every human creature ?

Rude the dwellings, chiefly cabins
Built of notched logs chinked and plastered,
Cool in summer, warm in winter,
Were the homes of Penn's first settlers ;
Though there were some more ambitious,
Built of square hewn or sawn timber ;
Others framed and double boarded,
Within lathed and then smooth plastered.
But a fringe was cleared or settled

Pennsylvania

Of the dense dark tracts of forest,
Known to us as Pennsylvania,
Greater in extent than England.
Eastward of the Susquehanna
To the Delaware as boundary,
'Twas of seaboard states the richest
In its lands for agriculture ;
Mild in climate from the Atlantic
Sheltered on the west by mountains ;
Near Coaquannoc, toward the river,
' Open, free from underbrush,'
Spaces once ' old Indian fields.'
Inland forests, dense, luxuriant ;
And the fallen trees of ages
Buried 'neath the leaves and limbwood,
Crossed and tangled and decaying,
Had to be removed by burning.
Here grew wealth of vegetation,
All the common trees coniferous,
Hickory, oak and the black walnut



The Juniata River

Pennsylvania

Later valued in the homesteads ;
Chestnut, tulip tree and linden,
Even, in sheltered parts, magnolia
Sending from her 'snowy goblets'
Perfume on the airs of summer,
Airs 'all balm,' as wrote Longfellow,
'And the peach . . . emblem of beauty.'
Farther westward were the ridges
Of the Appalachian mountains
Crossing from the south north-eastward
Sending down their many rivers,
Sparkling, beautiful Juniata,
The Susquehanna through Wyoming,
The Lehigh and the Brandywine,
The Octorara midst bold hills,
The Conestoga thro' rich cornlands,
While the crimson rhododendron
Or magnificent Cape Azalea
Clothed the cliffs of the Schuylkill.
Still more distant rose high plateaux

Pennsylvania

Sloping both to north and westward
Along the Alleghany mountains
In their higher elevations
Catching from cold icy regions,
Past Superior and rough Huron
O'er the ' silver serfed ' Lake Erie,
Colder winds and keener winters ;
Sending down through the Ohio
Waters shed to the far tropics.

Gone the age when mountain fastness,
Known to Indian and to trapper
Heard the slouching tread of black bear,
Wakened with the startled red deer,
Glared with eyes of lynx and wild cat :
Gone the days when o'er the mountains
Sped the old stage coach to Pittsburgh,
Horses galloped down the passes,
Foaming crossed the fertile valleys,
Then more slowly toiled ascending
Further heights and flanking ridges,

Pennsylvania

Till one hundred miles of highway
From Penn's famous capital city
Ends this picturesque western journey,
Travelled by great herds and drovers
Ere the coming of the railways.

Widely varied in her landscapes,
As in atmosphere and climate,
Like luxurious warm Virginia,
Parts like cool Canadian autumn
And in hidden wealth as varied :
Rich in coal to smelt her minerals,
Rich in her world famous oil wells,
In natural burning gas still richer ;
Waiting but the hand of science
On her stores of latent power
Was this state of Pennsylvania.
In our day of steel and iron
These have sprung as if by magic,
As the old world poured its people
To inhabit these wealth centres ;

Pennsylvania

And the guiding hand of genius
Pointed paths for wide expansion,
Bridging distance, joining nations
For their mutual help and commerce,
Not for meaningless world slaughter,
Futile, hateful, vain ambitions
Leading millions to destruction.

Greater even than Penn ever
Knew when in his wise provisions
He was shown the lasting greatness
Of those principles he followed,—
Burden of full many a prophet
Waiting still their wide fulfilment,—
Was this great state of the founder,
In itself amongst the greatest ;
Greater still in all the others
Where the stones of its foundation
Often found their honoured setting,
Silently, and with scarce conscious
Knowledge of their very builders.

Pennsylvania

Greatest laws and greatest treaties
Are those in the hearts of people
Who think not first of signèd parchment
Perchance to circumvent provisions,
Evade its moral obligations,
Evermore to be respected—
But of goodwill and true feeling,
Make both word and bond expressions
Of the purpose that lives in them.

That which made the Founder famous,
But of which he least took notice,
Accepting as a matter settled
In all dealings, white or Indian,
Was his keeping his word to them,
Faith and truth in all transactions.

Eight months after he had landed
'Twas he made his world-famed treaties,
Purchases of lands the rather :
Chiefly these were three in number ;
Promises too, then passed between them

Pennsylvania

‘ Of kindness and good neighbourhood :
That Indians and the English live
In love as long as the sun gives light.’

It is told how in the forests
Indians often were assembled,
In their midst spread out a blanket,
On it laid Penn’s words before them,
Belts of wampum, each one showing
Clause or promise of these treaties.
Indians had had many treaties
And in this was nothing novel,
’Twas what followed made them famous ;
’Twas the Founder to these red men
Keeping every word he uttered.
Thirty years rolled by and ‘ Mignon,’
As the Delawares had called him,
‘ Onas ’ named by the Iroquois,
Had ‘ the fame of the one white man
Christian who kept faith with savage ; ’
Far and wide the red men spread it,



Landing of Settlers in America



Pennsylvania

This kept faith their tribes reported,
Sent it too across the Atlantic,
Making even ' Voltaire . . . delighted.'
And when others oft had conflicts
Penn's country was at peace with Indians :
This not only all his lifetime,
But for three-quarters of a century ;
Giving to this younger province
Advantage o'er those earlier settled
Where their growth was checked and hindered
Oft by massacre and bloodshed,
Fierce hostilities with the Indians.
Here when red men found young children
In the woods they safely led them
To their homes, ' lest harm come to them ; '
Parents too could leave them trusting,
When they went to Yearly Meeting,
Indians' daily visits watching
' Nothing was amiss among them.'

XXI

AMERICA AND RETURN TO ENGLAND

FAR into the land Penn travelled
Even to the Susquehanna,
Rested in the Indian wigwams,
Shared their food, lived as a brother,
Everywhere was warmly welcomed.
Wondrous too are his discriptions
Of the trees and plants he noticed,
Climate, soil, and nature study,
Yet to-day found keenly accurate.
That first year some fifty vessels
Had brought settlers to his province,
Numbering now about three thousand,
And some eighty more new houses
Had been built in Philadelphia.

One great hope that Penn had cherished
Was of Gulielma's coming

America

Out to join him in the Province ;
By her sweet and gracious presence
To make every landscape fairer.
Now, however, word came to him
Of the hardships Friends were suffering
And the call to help seemed urgent,
Boundary claims at court to settle,
Longing to rejoin his family,
Hence he homeward sailed in August
Just two years since he had left them :
And the ' ketch ' in which he voyaged
In seven weeks had made the passage,
Seven miles from home he landed
Finding there his brave wife Guli,
His son of nine, beloved Springett,
And his younger son and daughter :
Praised the Lord for all His mercies,
Preservations through his travels :
And he found,—he thus records it :—
' Many wrong tales let in of me,

America

These too even by some I love ;
Blessed be the Lord,' he added ;
' They are but effects of envy,
Things are sweetly well with Friends here,
Very many grow in wisdom.'

As a father toward his children
Penn e'er felt for all his settlers,
For them he and Guli shortened
All their family expenses.
Settlers must be *working* people,
But though many had wealth with them,
Might have shared with Penn the burden
On him left, and long continued,
For the planting of the Province,
To establish their new city :
Thus they drained his strength and fortune
By incessant calls for money.

Hard it is for those beginning
In a new land, where the grasping
For swift gain of the material



*View looking to the South Downs from Worminghurst **



America

Seems to steal away old standards :
Doing as one would be done by
Finding help by helping others,
When it seems the converse teaching
Help yourself or none will help you
Is the only word remembered,—
To hold all in fair proportion,
Give to God His place for guidance,
Midst exhausting toil and pressure
Keep the heart still true and tender,
Given to kindness—thought for others.

Had it not been so, it may be
That fair land of peace and plenty,
That fair city, Philadelphia,
Welcoming the lovely Guli,
Helping, as she helped her husband
From the countless smaller worries,
By their sharing more than blessings,
On their shoulders taking burdens,
Had thus left him free to settle

America

Earlier in their midst, and happy
With his wife and children near him,
In the state concerns give guidance,
His great influence, warm, magnetic,
Fervent, steady, holy, pleading
With the power of strongest manhood,
Tenderness as great as woman's,
For their welfare gladly giving,
For them there his life outpouring,
Had brought blessing, vast, unmeasured,
Greater made that fair young Province.

They had thus to every people
Demonstrated what he taught them
By his contact with the Indians :
Power of kindness, joy of service,
Truth that God protects His children ;
While they look to Him has ever
Been a shield and guard about them,
Blessed them making them a blessing.
Great his longing, great was Guli's,

America

Shared too by his little children,
To be with those early settlers.

No ambition, no temptation,
Could prevail to have deterred him
Had not settlement of boundary,
And his constant toil for others,
First of all so greatly hindered :
Then the weight of straitened finance
' No supplies, no quit rents coming,'
Pressed upon him, growing heavier :
They from him too much expected,
On him alone too much depended ;
Thus perchance his lengthened absence
Wrought in other ways for blessing.

Had he gone to them, it may be,
They had failed in independence ;
While they felt his strong affection,
Shared his warm, unselfish nature,
Rested on his gathered wisdom,
Failed in faith and self-reliance.

America

Other blessings doubtless followed,
E'en his absence may have strengthened
A young people's swift unfolding,
A nation rapid in its changes,
Making precedents as needed
In her clearing tracts of forests,
Navigating her great rivers,
Sweeping o'er her rolling prairies,
Claiming all for fruitful farm lands,
Preparing all for one great Union.

Many things she gathered from him,
They are written, known, acknowledged
In her first great Constitution,
In the kindness of her people,
In her welcome given to strangers,
In equality of the churches,
In her freedom for all classes :
Where she failed to follow, trouble
Rent her with a great rebellion,
Cost the life blood of her people

America

Eight hundred thousand of her strongest,
Seven thousand million dollars
Of the treasure of her homesteads,
Ere she freed her black race subjects,
Who, by justice and by kindness,
Had been saved,—their freedom greater,
Made them brothers, as Christ teaches.

It needs not here to tell the story
Of troubles whether his or theirs :
Swift of wing fly faults of others
While our own are apt to crawl :
Evil seeds ne'er need much sowing,
The Kingdom's need more depth of soil.
Yet at last good conquers evil,
God's loving care is over all.

Nor needs it that this tale extend
Through all the years and deeds of Penn :
How he strove for those then bound
For conscience sake of all communions ;
Of Friends alone were fourteen hundred

America

Robbed, in prison, for their religion ;
Innocent, yet bearing sufferings
E'en many years of close confinement,
Or martyrs suffering unto death.
In verity the good and true
Must bear their cross—their calvary
Is never very far away—
If they would share the Saviour's joy
Who even chose for men to die.
It is as old as written law,
And earlier found in Abraham
Father of faithful amongst men
Who sanctified Jerusalem,
The Mount Moriah known of old :
There laid his son at God's command,
Stayed too his hand, let God provide :
Who kept his faith, withdrew from war,
Nor of its spoils would even take
Thread or shoe latchet, aught to make
The heathen king have room to boast,

America

And say, ' I have made Abram rich.'
And the world still waits the coming
Of more than individual men
Who in life their faith will follow,
Refuse war's glamour, conquest's gain,
Even as Edith Cavell conquered *
Dying to free prisoned men :
Fearless, facing force's mightiest,
Calm, resigned, undaunted, frank,
In her christian faith rejoicing
For her country glad to die,—
Saying : ' Standing as I do
In view of God and Eternity
Patriotism is not enough,'—
Adding, ' I must have no hatred
Or bitterness toward any one.'
Bright and brave unto the last,
Dying like a heroine,
She has conquered more than armies,
In every humane heart she reigns

* Note 14, page 316.

America

Crowned with brave life's priceless laurel,
World conqueror by love, faith and truth.

When will men their known truth follow,
Need not old confirming oath
To support what they have uttered
Conscience witnessed at its birth ?
For these oaths, from times most ancient,
Good and true men, Greek and Roman,
Scythians, Persians have refused them,
Found them futile, e'en deceiving,
As Penn's treatise plainly showed :
And the word of Christ forbade them,
That His followers truth might hold.

Great has grown fair Pennsylvania :
O'er Penn's city's highest tower
They a monument have raised him,*
Set in broad brim toward the sky,
Where from dizzy height exalted
He may view the place he planned
With its wide streets from the forests

* Note 15, page 318.

America

Named for all its choicest trees,
With its homes set near each roadway
Drab shuttered from intruding gaze,
Where, within, the friendship feeling
Might at hand be ever found
As the plain speech of the Quakers
To all a common welcome gave :
And throughout his peaceful country
Traces linger of all lands
Which here sent their early settlers
In strange head-gear and quaint costumes ;
O'er the mountains, in the homesteads,
They are seen, a remnant left :
While the country's mighty commerce
Still exults in Quaker names,
Proud of its world-famous history
Which men once said must surely fail.

If Penn suffered yet he conquered,
Has outlived all lower lives ;
Nay, he is yet scarcely living

America

As he shall when peace prevails ;
When the robust earnest spirit
Of the warrior, Christ controlled,
Will not stain his life with bloodshed,
Will not sell himself for gold,
Will not let the hollow mockery
Mumbled still in honour's name
Turn him from Heaven's highest purpose
Peace on earth, good-will to men.

XXII

AT COURT

TEN long years their tedious lengthening
Now drew on o'er William Penn,
Founder, Governor, preacher, courtier
Accepted, courted by the king.
Standing in the midst of burning
Fiercest factions, rivalries,
Scorching, shrivelling to the spirit
Of any but the bravest men,
Clouding even Penn's great name :
Suspicion's victim, envy's mark,
In solitude for unnamed wrong,
That he ne'er thought, or said, or did.
Those whose thought and judgment prove,
Not from malice but differing mind,
That Paul was wrong turned from the world
For its own good to follow Christ,

At Court

Will see in Penn too folly, blame
Where he felt none, e'en near the king,
As with whole soul to right great wrong
He pled and strove men's lives to gain.

When James went wrong Penn warned the king,
Sought to limit, change that wrong ;
No flatterer of a sovereign's error,
True to the nation and to his reign,
Loyal, and a faithful subject
Both to country and to king :
Gained release for long bound victims
Of that brutal old misrule
From the vile and noisome prisons
That oft held England's whitest souls.
When James fled, on William's landing,
Penn remained the same firm friend
Of both exiled and new monarch,
True British patriot of the world.
Men who could not comprehend him—
Many still may herein fail—

At Court

Misjudging through informers' falseness
Or by their own short measuring line,
Failed, more than he failed, in judgment,
Recoiled their answers on themselves,
Each test he stood, each trial he suffered,—
They found in him no hidden wrong :
No mere conforming his to life,
A mode of dress, or man-made creed,
But living what he knew in truth,
On faith's great highway breathing forth
Christ's recompense, His inward peace.

Failed ! Yes,—of old His Master failed
To thought of sad fear-stricken love,
Unfaith of followers, their cowardice,
Not by His loss, nor His decline
One jot or tittle of heaven's truth,
Or conquering love's o'ercoming power.
How cheap the sneer, the curling lip,
Repeating shallow quibbles, raised
By those who trim to every breeze !

At Court

‘ For envy they delivered Him,’
So runs the sacred page of old ;
And now, if all the truth be told,
It must be written yet again :
His virtues, courage, wisdom, truth
Laid by the line of their own lives
Within themselves smote like reproof
They would not brook—hence enmity :
It is the sad tale Eden old,
Where envy led to foulest crime,
Because his brother’s righteousness
Was nauseous to the elder Cain ;
And when He came, the perfect Man,
It was the first weight of the cross,
Within the home at Nazareth,
That our dear Lord bore even there,
That spread its baleful poisonous breath
Through holy James in his hot youth,
Alike found place in sisters’ hearts,
E’en sometimes touched His mother’s breast :

At Court

And if, in that most favoured spot,
This fell, insidious sin found root,
Small wonder if Penn missed it not,
Knew but too well its lasting stain
Change even hearts once love's domain,
When to its contact they were given.

To see great schemes go wrong, miss thro'
unfaith

The hoped-for good, and wrong enthroned
Again in its old seat, its advocates
The victims of its misplaced power,
This most of all makes men lose heart,
A Moses angry, Job his patience lose,
E'en Paul break forth and boast to clear
heaven's truth :

And these, all these, the Quaker statesman
bore,—

Yes, led the way for men to follow, who refused
To bear their part, to share the holy sacrifice,
And firmly hold that which God honoured in
their earlier faith.

At Court

It is no part of this book's plan
To follow closely all those years
In which mistakes there may have been—
Who none has made, who aught has done ?
And they who live beside a king,
Nor less if famed his favourite,
Must turn men's minds and thoughts of him
To fear lest in the fierce strong light
That ever burns about a throne,
And likewise deeper shadows casts,
That darkness which thus outward throws
Its dimness o'er good done or been
Blacken, deepen, spread the range,
Where it may fall in minds of men,
Obscure the past, alarms awake,
Not all unfounded in life's past,
That they that tread such pathways pay
For fleeting glory at great cost ;
As Penn too paid, and suffered most
When Guli suffered, his fond wife.

XXIII

DEATH OF GEORGE FOX AND GULIELMA

SHE who, in days that lived forever
When her life's young dreams were forming,
Sat listening at the feet of Milton,
Heard our prince of classic poets
As his fingers touched the organ,
Heard majestic thoughts dictated
Rich and rapt as they fell from him,
She who when he pictured Eden
Oft was in the poet's vision
Now was nearing her translation
Whither his great soul was gathered
Then some nineteen years before her ;
Whither too four infant children
One by one called from her bosom
Drew her mother heart, still feeling
Oft in memory each babe's face

Death of Gulielma

Soft and tender as peach blossoms
In life's springtime, the embrace
Of the tiny fondling fingers
That had wrapped about her own
Ere to her was given brave Springett
Her noble, eldest living son ;
Whither gone the Quakers' founder
Her dear friend George Fox, translated
From a wondrous life and holy
Lived for God and in His Son,
So that he dare write immortal
Deathless truths in his life's tale,
Use the pronoun I unblushing
As none may, save God-sent men ;
And when nearing death's cold river
Feared not, *knew* that he was clear,
Had fulfilled the Father's purpose,
Knew the indwelling Christ was there.
And as Milton, who completed
Years on earth three score and six,

Dear M Fox

London 13th mo 1792

With y^e Dear remembrance of my
unfading love in y^e Spirit; I am to be
the teller to y^e of sorrow that y^e day
as I may call it in future time, which
this, that thy dear husband & my
beloved y^e Dear J^r. G. Fox, has
fornish'd his glorious testimony
this night, about half an
hour after midnight, being sen-
sible to y^e last breath. O he is gone,
& has left us in y^e storm y^e is
over our heads; sure in great
sorrow to him, but as an witness
to us of sorrows to come. He was
as living & given y^e 4th day last was
a week at Gracechurch Street, &
this last till day, being y^e day

away before yesterday, but com-
 plained after meeting, of be-
 ing inwardly troubled. & gave
 voice at H. Col. where he depar-
 ted, his soul is deeply affected
 with this hasty great loss, but by
 all portents & his great will to com-
 a prince indeed is fallen in battle
 to day. I cannot enlarge, for I
 shall write to Litchfield tonight
 & it is late. I shall be with thee
 & thyne as usual soon. I am
 Dear Sir & narrow thy faithfully
 J. Taylor, J. Van Hooker Friend
 J. Childs, J. Butler
 Sam. Wadsworth, fields. Wm. D. Smith
 my self - G. W. & S. C. were here a-
 bout two hours since.
 he dyed as he lived, a lamb, winning
 the hearts of good, his church has
 called in mourning, salt & spirit. -

Death of Gulielma

On the sabbath, with no struggle,
Found the paradise regained,
At the same age Fox transfigured,
From life's struggles, 'fully clear,'
Lay in peace and 'much contentment'
Saw heaven dawning at the last :
Both secure with the immortals
Sent by Christ our earth to bless
With heaven's glory in truths mighty,
Powers of satan down to cast,
Make the pure and good to triumph
Love to conquer, earth own Christ.

All these callings bore upon her
Highly strung but fragile frame,
On her spirit, e'er undaunted,
Through life's dangers sweet and calm :
Devoted wife and constant friend,
Loving mother, generous neighbour,
Well might he who most should miss her
Say of her 'a public loss,'

Death of Gulielma

Feel, as he alone might fully,
Her gain this earth's unmeasured cost !

What he became came not alone :
She, too, had share in all he was
And helped him to attain high place,
Greatness in thoughts of all true men ;
Yet what still more she might have done,
To what great strength he might have grown
Had death not claimed her, heaven may show :
For it has yet no limit set
To all the sweet beneficence
That flows a welling spring of life
From out a holy woman's soul
When man and wife in truth are one.
And still to-day the husband who
Has wife thro' love and from his God
Unto him given to cherish, hold,
His choicest gift, most blessed trust,
May much and often from her take
Wisdom, counsel, judgment, might,

Death of Gulielma

As, after marriage still engaged,
Her days in love's supreme romance
A heaven, a hope, a vision make,
And every day of their shared life
Even all for which they rising pray.

Great the sum of human goodness
When all woman's lovely graces
Join a brave heroic spirit
Set in beauty's fairest temple ;
When her secret mystic power
Old as Eden, deathless, never
Absent since man's first creation,
Charms, and mitigates earth's ill ;
Rests the soul in her confiding—
As the influence of sweet music
Moves man to his noblest effort—
Elusive, subtle, radiant, thrilling,
Touches him in every fibre,
Sways, controls all human ardour
With the potency of goodness :

Death of Gulielma

Greater still its wondrous glory
As motherhood's meridian splendour
Shades toward evening's amber sunset,
Rich and golden with love treasures.
All of these were Gulielma's—
Hers by right of Christ's possession
E'en from early days of childhood :
Hoped for by her noble father—
Dying ere he looked upon her—
Comfort of her widowed mother,
Poet's friend and loyal companion,
Supreme gladness of her husband,
Shield and guide of her dear children,
Friend to all the needy poor,
How could she be spared for heaven
Who lived so much of Eden here ?

Fifty years were nearly finished
Through all which she grew in favour,
Gathered in her gracious spirit
Every trial that touched her husband,

Death of Gulielma

Set him free for all his service,
Calm, courageous, uncomplaining,
Though his trials and imprisonments
As a sword had pierced her bosom.

Then she faded, as the glory
Fades at sunset from our sight,
Fades to shine still farther westward
O'er the ocean, past the night,
Where the glow of heaven's dawning
Through eternal portals breaks.
Yet the gladness of the conqueror
Clothed her spirit ere she went,
He for whom she lived, her dearest,
Had at last been wholly cleared ;
All the baseless wicked charges
Recoiled upon their makers' heads ;
She could have his presence near her,
In his strength rest by his side ;
And the sacred hallowed hours
Stayed, sustained, passed slowly on

Death of Gulielma

As they viewed their gracious Saviour,
Conversed as those near His heaven.

The day before the Christmas eve
In his arms she sank to rest,
Closed those wondrous eyes that gave
Love's light to him at the first ;
And there stole—must fairest bear it ?—
Eve's punishment across her face,
Death's cold touch, at which the mortal
In us pales, as when a fire
That glowed and flamed with tongue like flashes,
Turns to ashes and expires.

Death to her came not in terror ;
Through the stillness of her passing
'Twas but as the faintest shadow
Fleeting o'er a sun-lit field :
Then the changing radiance broke
Unseen cords that bind the spirit
In its loveliest house of clay ;—

Death of Gulielma

Can no longer, at death, stay it—
Reveal not its vast mystery !

Milton saw the flowing graces
Our first mother's sorrow shed
O'er her weeping stricken daughters,
O'er an Eden forfeited !

Rachel's touching tender story,
Girlish beauty by the well,
But a child when Jacob sought her,
For her sweet babes weeping still :

Hannah, praying for a prophet,
Stirred till all her silent frame
Shaped her plea, her fair lips moving,
' Give a man child, Lord, to me ; '
Year by year her vow fulfilling,
Holding still her boy by prayer,
Gave the stainless first of prophets,
Teaching how Christ would appear !

Death of Gulielma

Esther favoured for her beauty,
More for grace of her fair soul,
Bravely daring, e'en death facing
For salvation of her people ;
Pleading, at the king's feet seeking
Their life though she lose her own.

Ruth the lovely, gracious woman,
Brave, devoted, loyal, chaste,
Seeking God in Israel's worship,
Learned how He exalts the poor,
Lowly service leading, bearing,
Her to heaven's royal line :

Mary, of all women blessed,
With a holy trusting faith,
Listening to God's angel speaking,
Choosing what he shadowed forth,
Magnifying God her Saviour
In her humble low estate,
Glad to be thenceforth, forever,
Of women, most immaculate !

Death of Gulielma

All these passed, as now passed Guli
Wreathed with woman's glorious crown :
These, all these, the good, the holy,
Greet thee Guli, thither gone ;
Weave with theirs thy life in glory ;
Thou with them wilt often come
To our memory in life's gladness,
In its sorrows, grief and pain,
We shall know thee, brave, undaunted,
Gracious wife of William Penn.

XXIV

MINISTRY—REVISITS AMERICA

WE hear the pine boughs in the wind
Sough out their mourning mystery ;
There steals in heart and over mind
Lone sadness, grief, surrendered joy :
Low they murmur, weave and whisper,
Like half-born sobs, deep undertones,
Then rising breathe, so plaintive, shrill,
A going forth from tree to tree,
Till all the moving pine grove seems,
In answering depth, strange melody,
An organ touched by hands of God :
For we have laid our dead away
As ever men have laid them low.

Bird notes whistle, twitter, call,
As if death came not, nor decay ;

Ministry

Sweet young life beside the pall,
The fleecy clouds of white and grey,
The blue sky leading far on high,
Are nature's voice, vast, wonderful,
Far gathering home all wandering thought
Unto the Father, throned in light.

Even thus it was when Jesus came :
The sparrow, lily, reddening sky,
The raging sea, the evening nigh,
All told the Father near to Him.
But when at last a world's sin brought
Desertion, came the dreadful cry :—
' My God, why didst Thou forsake Me,'
The Father's face e'en turned away
More awful than death's agony,
There sprang to life faith's victory,
He knew Him near, could strongly say,
' Into Thy hands Myself I give.'

Ministry

The desolation none may know
Who any lesser union live
Than theirs whose lives these lines portray
Came now upon the stricken home.
It was a part of that great price
Penn paid, it may be, for court life,
E'en though ne'er sought for its own worth,
Nor for himself, nor family, wife,
But borne for sufferers,—or settlers' sake
With whom he ever longed to go
And share the healthful simple toil,
The glories of the forest wilds,
And spreading truth 'midst Indian tribes.

How oft 'tis not within ourselves
That fruitage shows of seed we sow,
And even children's children hold
Harvest of what our life has held :
That traits assert their innate right,
And characteristics oft reveal
The strength or weakness of seed thought

Ministry

Once grown unpruned, nor made to feel
Life's limitation : fruit bearing needs
That from the vine most branches fall,
Else clusters at the vintage fail.

With the passing of fair Guli
From Penn's life passed the idyllic,
Though four and twenty years of service,
Checkered years of shade and sunshine,
Further trial and bereavement
Toil and triumph lay before him.
Details of these years devoted,
Loyal to life's greatest causes
Lie beyond this sketch's compass.
It will still have served its purpose
If it turn young men's thought backward,
Lead their search into the record
Of the life of this world statesman
Called of God, as were the prophets,
To deliver men from thraldoms,
Ages old inhuman conflicts,

Ministry

Ignoble fears and hurtful customs,
Into sweeter ways of living,
Power of kindness, love of goodness,
Obedience to illumined conscience,
Emboldened faith in men and nations,
In truth of God each high attainment
Lived as needed in the present ;
Proving all by knowledge gained
Of Christ's own peace within the soul,
Fruit of the Saviour's great submission,
Shameful death, life resurrection.

Two years and more of anxious labour
For his children, for his people,
Thousands gathering now to hear him
Preach the power of Christ's salvation
As he journeyed through the country,
Made the care of his young family
And home needs press heavy on him,
Led him to his second marriage
To Hannah Callowhill, of Bristol,

Ministry

But five weeks before the calling
Of his eldest, Springett, from him.
Noble, brave as both his parents,
Like them loving God supremely,
Great the blow of his declining
Just approaching age of manhood.
Touching, tender were his pleadings
For his brother and young sister,
That they might know life eternal ;
Fond and loving to his father—
In these days now ever near him—
When he said to him, ‘ Dear father
Sit by me, for I love thy company
And I know thou lovest mine,’
‘ And father, if the Lord should raise me,
Enable me to serve His people,
Then sometimes I might travel with thee,
And thus we might ease one another.’

When the end was drawing nearer,
And those by him sought the doctor,

Ministry

His last words were :—‘ Let my father
Speak to the doctor, and I’ll go asleep ; ’
Which he did forthwith, nor wakened,
Though it was but early forenoon
When he breathed his last, while resting
On his father’s breast,—and was not.

Ere again Penn voyaged westward
’Twas fifteen years since his last visit.
The home land now with larger freedom
Had prospered, as he had predicted ;
Had drawn into its working shipyards
A youth, even Peter the Great of Russia,
Who sometimes worshipped with the Quakers.

Penn’s plans and forecast for the union
Of those new states across the Atlantic
Which he proposed to the Lords of Trade
Like many another statesman’s vision
Waited long for their fulfilment,
Foreshadowed the great constitution
That came ere closing of the century.

Leir-frimur & Bretarinn

• The: = always

Cliff

Richard March

Alchor, Lactum
Chor. Merit

same rate

John C. Farley

Ch: Rodman

Lans: A. Wright

Genm London

Henry Chadway

Thomas Cubridge
Sack Throum

Thomas White

Thos. Edmonds

1890

Ministry

Fresh hopes were his as now he sailed
With wife and family o'er the sea,
And landing was received with joy.
Then, though the weather was severe,
He quickly passed where needed most
Until the Assembly could be called.
And now one night, at Merion,
A curious lad, from an outside stair,
Unknown, observed this noted guest
Bowed low upon his knees in prayer,
So earnest, rapt, yet audible,
That on the lad, even to old age,
Its lasting deep impression stayed.

Frequent were Penn's riding journeys,
Ever wider was his circuit
Until once lost upon Mount Misery,
So named because the hill misled him,
Till from another, named Mount Joy,
He saw the shining Schuylkill !

Fancy pictures, too, the Founder

Ministry

Overtaking on the roadway
A little barefoot girl, Rebecca,
Trudging on her way to meeting,
Whither he rode to Haverford.
The Governor stopped, took her behind him,
With her brown and bare legs dangling
Near his long coat and knee breeches,
Reaching thus the meeting house—
Instance of his constant kindness.

Thus two years : then called to England
By letters urging he should come
To stand 'gainst threatened loss of Province
By bill pressed to the House of Lords.
In his new land while his presence
Gave control all augured well,
But when absent much contention
Conduct selfish and ungrateful
In members most unwisely chosen
Hindered needed legislation ;
Till nobler minds, who should have offered

Ministry

Earlier, were returned elected,
And none of those who served before.
For great and swift material progress,
And eagerness for present good,
Had touched and tarnished that fine glow
Of fervour and unselfish zeal,
When sacrifice seemed light, for truth,
Demonstrate to a darkened age,
And glory, liberty of Christ.

Let it suffice, e'en though they loved him,
They in his absence sought their own,
Thought not upon the things of others—
Sin by which good men, undone,
Pass often quickly to fault finding
Till criticism chills the blood,
Stops the springs of human kindness,
Destroying fragrance, blights heaven's love.

Souls of men of common mould,
Like sheep that pasture grassy slopes,

Ministry

That follow leaders, seeming bold
It may be following good or ill,
Oft little measure larger life,
Intense, in strenuous conflict made
For mastery in the soul's great strife
'Gainst all that buries it in earth ;
For highest destiny made meet
And perfect laws, heaven's harmonies,
To live and serve and love with God.

XXV

RETIREMENT

AND now returned across the sea,
The bill which brought him he found dropped
And his recall seemed e'en for nought ;
Yet consolation 'twas to know
That this, which might have cost him pain
And trouble, now had been removed.
King William dying soon, Queen Anne
Was now in turn the friend of Penn.
His people prospered, there was peace
Unbroken with the Indian tribes ;
But rulers still in conflict strove,
Contentious, which brought suffering most
On him their benefactor, friend.
Then deeper suffering still was his
By wrong wrought thro' his trust abused,
Life kindness, confidence reposed,

Retirement

Met by unfaithful stewardship,
Deep subtle fraud and treachery.
Thus great souls may through carelessness,
Deceived, be snared where smaller minds,
Self interested, had escaped.
When Penn expected his estates
To yield for him their customed gain,
His unjust agent's management
Showed him instead thousands in debt !
His liberty restrained within the fleet,
A tedious law-suit, growing age,
Now told upon his broken health ;
His strong brave spirit could not break.

The English oak of steadfastness
That draws from earth its iron strength,
From sun and air and boisterous wind
Its rugged foliage unconfined,
Its soft exterior covering o'er
The heart that thro' two thousand years
Still strong and firm sees worlds of men
In generations full three score

Retirement

Arise and flourish, be laid low,—
Was like this noble-hearted man
Whose limbs might sway amid life's storms,
Whose trials at last made memory fail,
But o'er whose heart nought could prevail
To shake its great unfaltering trust,
Its loving kindness and its truth,
In passing found unbroken still.

In Penn the spirit's kindled flame,
Like strong impulsive fires of youth,
Had burned of life a hundred years
Ere he had reached three score and ten.
Some plans miscarried, through unfaith
In many who response withheld,
But still his work lives, pressing on
The purpose of a God-sent man.

As now all meet with open doors
In non-conforming liberty
To worship in each house of God,

Retirement

Few may remember that 'twas Penn
Who fought and won this victory when
It meant imprisonment for him.
His feeling for the church's need
His friendship to all brother men
From noble-minded Tillotson,
Head of the state church by law made,
To Indian of the western plain,
The slave in cruel bondage held
All found in him heart kind and true
His friendship firm, unswerving, free
From flattery or a love of gain :
Still steadfast when the yielded throne
Of James, made exile o'er the sea,
And even then no whit less true
Whole-hearted Briton, mind and soul,
To his successor staunchly loyal,
And by King William claimed as friend.

Inheritance in line of heirs
Too often fosters earthly pride ;

Retirement

He who his father's had declined
That he might follow light of Christ
Had rightly chosen, missed no chance,
Even of honour's high renown,
Had greatness, known to but few men :
What wealth nor pride of power could give
Are his to-day in all that's worth.
Whate'er his shallow slanderers said
He neither riches sought, nor fame,
But wrought for better things to be
When men shall love out bitterness,
Know in themselves Christ came to bless,
To crucify earth's enmity.

Penn's was a mind so balanced, strong,
That from mind bondage he was free,
Could grasp and judge of wrong and right
Looked at from others' point of view,
Saw what was good in others' plans
And when his own could not obtain
Had grace of Christ to toil with men

Retirement

For great ideals along their plane.
Thus 'twas midst William's constant wars
When Penn for Europe wrote his scheme
'Toward present and the future peace,*
An established diet or parliament'
With inter-governmental powers
To supersede war's rivalries
And jointly keep the world at peace—
Plan even now, amidst world strife,
After two hundred years of wars,
Again proposed to meet world need.
Though neither highest, nor his best,
Nor plan he lived in his own land,
Yet had even this been followed, tried,
To-day's world conflict had not been,
Nor countless conflicts through the years
That wasted untold life and wealth—
Plan rightly used by Christendom
Had made a world of lasting peace,
Had made it glorious for Christ.
Yet He who sits on heaven's throne
Sees deeper than all plans of men,

* Note 17, page 320.

Retirement

Alone knows how a world to win,
How every great change must begin
As truth revealed at Jacob's well
Within Samarian sinner's soul,
And spread, as it spread thro' the town
And from the town all round the world.
Truth which met ' Lord give to me ! '
From womanhood's consuming thirst,
With cleansing satisfying spring
As faith's confession changed her soul ;
Not ' Wait till some one else is whole,'
Nor ' Wait till all the world believes '—
Great plea of satan in each soul—
But, ' One who told all things I did,
E'en come and see,—is not this Christ ? '
Who has not said to Christ, ' not now '—
' Some other day '—procrastinate !
Or ' Is there not another way ?
To this my mind does not agree,'
Or ' This is not just what I feel ; '

Retirement

And, waiting for our own ideal,
We put aside the plan of God.
His is the highest, holiest scheme
Heaven could devise or angels know,
It holds the best of what has been
And what shall be, as Christ's words show.
How much we err, how prone to say
' My own ideal or none at all,'
Thus only foster human pride,
With open disobedience live,
Which at the first led to our fall :
It will not serve the Christ-led soul
It served not Nazareth's Carpenter,
Shaped not His action nor His path :
Obedient to the highest ? Yes !
There was no lowering of His mind ;
But tribute paid, home patience tried,
Evinced acceptance of much more—
The glad choice of the Father's will
That might seem loss, but was great gain,

Retirement

The mount, the garden, and the cross,
But later pentecostal flame.
Even thus Jehovah gave the law
Most wonderful ! in darkness, light !
Yet limited, but for a time,
That through it He might bring men's minds
To seek His substance, to supply
The need of all the world in Christ.

XXVI

SUNSET

As time drew on Penn's vigour waned,
No more at court, nor Kensington
Nor Brentford, where a time he lived,
But in his house at Ruscombe, Berks,
He passed his closing earthly days.
And here he loved to have her near
Who came and filled what Guli left,
A kind and noble second wife
Who envied not the first one's place.

The gathered fruit of ripened age,
The clusters hidden by the leaves,
The mellowing air life's parting gives
All now upon his life loom wove.
He ever loved to walk abroad,
But when inclement weather came
He planned throughout his ample home

Sunset

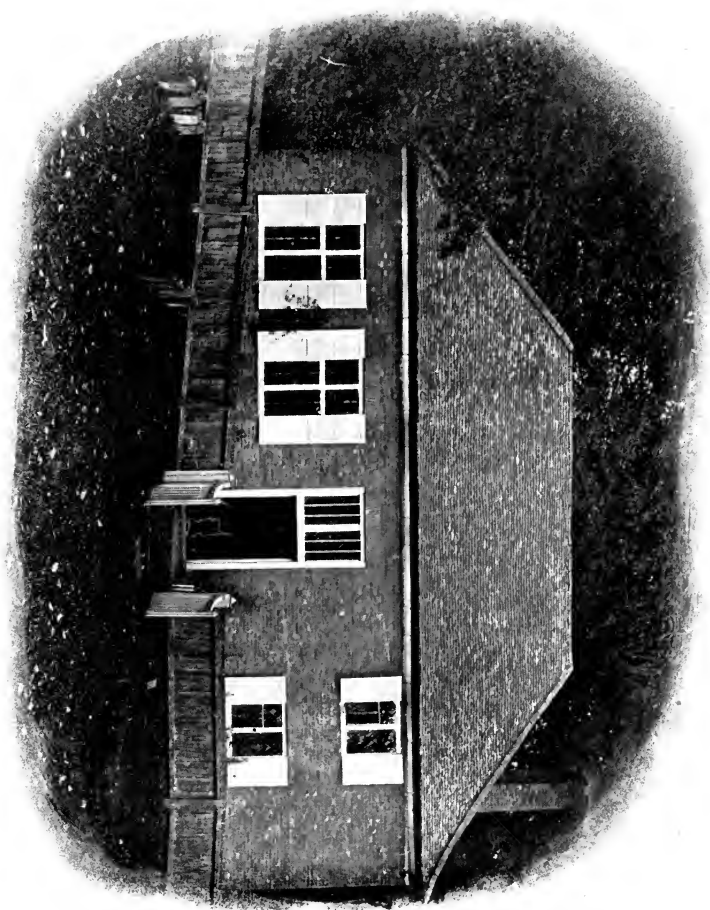
To change, or pass from room to room,
And was content to wait his time
Serene and sweet in living peace.
Oft too they spoke of Guli gone
And how a beauteous bride she came
Upon that journey to the west,
Saw many friends and Hannah's home :
Thus true love learns no jealous hate,
Knows that God gives not love for this,
But that even here it consummate
His purpose, make true marriage bless
And leave life richer for its state,
More fruitful in its love toward Him.

As thus their converse freely flowed
O'er schemes of life he planned and wrought
Not in vain pride, but humble thought
And measure of his toil and pain,—
For praise elated not this man,
Too strong for vain alluring wiles,
Too wise to hold earth's honours first

Sunset

Though keen to feel true love of men—
They forward looked unto life's end
While sank the red sun in the west,
Nay, carmine 'twas, of deepest hue
Pillowed upon pale green and gold :
And thus he gently to her spoke
While she his hand held in her own :—
' Dear wife, how blessed this sweet hour !
I feel that soon my call will come :
Where I shall lie at last to rest
It matters little—it matters not—
Yet since she chose who came to me
In youth's glad spring and heaven-sent love,
And loved the deep secluded dell
In Jordans' stillness, where we met *
And worshipped 'neath the covering trees :
Or, earlier still, so often walked
In love's communion from Chalfont,
There let me lie—there bury me—
Beside her, my young manhood's love :

* Note 18, page 327.



Sunset

There song birds build from fear set free,
Leaf carpets clothe the sheltered ground,
Peace claims the mortal,—eternity
Holds not a sweeter, purer soul.'

XXVII

DEATH AND BURIAL

LIKE some broad river in its course
More deep and silent near the sea,
That may be traced whence from the hills
It got its impulse and its flow,
So seems to most the life of Penn.
The end came at the break of dawn
In summer zenith month's near close
With but his wife and family near.
She who great judgment had displayed
In management of his affairs,
With loving tenderness had cared
All through his years of broken health,
Now keenly felt her husband's loss.

A great man dies, —sin's penalty !
Thus all men share a common lot !
Though Christ brought immortality,
Changed punishment to living hope
And love, to win us from the world.
No concourse round the dying bed,
Sweet, solemn, holy silence reigned,

Death and Burial

For three great strokes had hit this frame
As lightning strikes a forest giant
In its crown, tears limb from limb,
Peeled, shattered, strewn upon the ground.
The great heart these could not assail,
Strong, seasoned by a life of grace
That left the soul serene, at peace.

When Jesus won this great release
All hell let loose its agonies—
The darkness, earthquake, opened graves,
Fear-stricken crowds and hurrying feet,
Convulsing nature's travail, pain,
Ere Eden's loss His death regained.
But here was Christ-won silence, deep,
As midst profoundest solitudes
One hears a falling leaf and starts
As if with it a life went out :
And yet a mighty shiver shook
Men's hearts and minds at Penn's release,—
Not terror's, nor ignoble fear's—

Death and Burial

It was love's mightiness that broke.
Safe in the panoply of might
That pure-faced peace puts round her child
The memory of this noble life
Lives on midst England's bravest souls.
'Twere neither kind nor true that one
Should say of him, ' he had no fault : '
He was a man, and bore our mark
Of race gone wrong—a man indeed !
But changed by grace of God within,
Else there had been no tale to write
Of great self-conquest, daring rare,
Adventure, and defence of truth,
The strength to stand and fear no man.

From Ruscombe, Berks, to Jordans, Bucks,
They bore his body to its rest
Within the hollow midst the hills
To lay where Gulielma sleeps.
Friends gathered round from far and near,
God clothed his servants with His power

Death and Burial

To witness of His truth and grace,
Lived by him now called from their sight.

Low in the dell, secluded, still,
Save for the plaintive late bird note,
His grave, with humble head-stone marked,
Tells nothing of his strenuous course :
The calls, the trials, the triumphs won,
The frequent long imprisonments,
The principles by which he lived
And which he followed unto death.
No shade of cold suspicion, wrong,
Disturbs repose of mighty dead,—
They sleep securely in this spot,
Life's conflicts, pride's entangling skein,
Death's shadows, torment, touch them not,—
Freed now forever from all sin,
Earth's pains remembered as their gain,
Their life a restful hallowed joy
In endless government of Christ.

Death and Burial

The Indian braves who courage loved,
Taught from their childhood pain to bear
Unflinching and with unmoved calm,
Had loved the Quaker who had dared
To trust the red man and his word.
They hearing, greatly mourned the death
Of him, their honoured 'brother Onas ;'
And to his widow sent their gift
Of choicest fur skins for a cloak,
'To protect her while passing through
The thorny wilderness without her guide.'
She sent to them a touching message
By the hands of her friend Logan :—
'Very kindly I take their sympathy
That lament mine and that country's loss ;
Which loss has brought vast loads of care,
Toil of mind, and sorrow upon me.
If I shall be able to explore my way,
Even with the help of my friends,
I truly have great reason to question,

Death and Burial

Notwithstanding the Indians' present
Which I now want to put on,
Having the woods and wildernesses
Alone to travel through indeed.'

Bravely meeting all her cares
Thus seven years more she journeyed on,
Though all but four, paralysis
Had stricken with its weakening strokes :
Her last wish was to rest with him
To whom she brought ' paradise regained '
Milton's great thought, near this spot
Through Thomas Ellwood's question framed.
She who the second mother's place
Fulfilled with conscientious care
To Guli's children, in her turn
At last came to this quiet dell
Her husband's resting-place to share.

If in our fancies still we think
Of Guli's children as the heirs
Of those broad lands across the sea,

Death and Burial

It was not so, because it seemed
Then that their value would be less
Than all estates that Penn held here.

Thus Hannah's sons, not Guli's,
Became the Founder's heirs,
Grew great in wealth and affluence
Across those western seas :
Yet still it is to Guli's line
Fond fancy often backward turns,
And builds again that great new land
To mind and soul of William Penn ;
And in true-hearted Springett still
There grows a vision beautiful
Of what Penn planned—what might have
 been.

And yet what is, is higher still,
In mighty Union's honoured state
Foundation for her greatest fame,
One hundred years of lasting peace
With motherland ; and greater gain—
A nation built upon goodwill,

Death and Burial

And welcome to all other lands
To fill her states, her forest homes,
Her rolling prairies and her mines,
Her factories and her great free schools,
To lead in arbitration's cause
And, not the least, to free her slaves :
Than wealth of trade these greater gain
That flowed from heart and mind of Penn.

XXVIII

JORDANS

TO-DAY * the elms were crowned with gold
Along the way above Seer Green,
And cherry orchards flamed with red
A frost-tinged glory rarely known
So vivid, rich in colouring
As we passed on up Bottrell's Lane :
A golden tinge, too, filled the air,
The sun shone through the beechen leaves
A mellow radiance of the skies,
Ambrosial, such as fancy gives
To that which has been and still breathes,
A fragrant death that never dies :
As old rose leaves within the urn
Distil the summer's full-blown rose,
Or from within the closed book leaves

* October 15th, 1915.



*Old fire place in Jordans Hostel**



The Hostel Entrance, Jordans

* Note 18, p. 327

Jordans

Send forth the perfume that has been

We stood once more beside the graves,
Five little mounds at Guli's feet,
Her husband's next at her right hand
And noble Springett's at her head :
All with her now, her very own,
And she, their fondest, all for them,
As at the first ' reserved ' for him,
World statesman of the age to come.

The birds were twittering through the glen,
Their mingling notes like answering smiles
From cherub faces of sweet babes
Lent to our earth a little space
And then recalled ere sin beguiled !
We felt the peaceful calm and hush
Too sweet for words, instinctive, full,
Yea, like a food ambrosial
That filled and satisfied the soul.

Jordans

We were no longer by ourselves,
The sunlit grove seemed full of folk
In garb and fashion as of old,
The vogue two hundred years ago ;
Their horses tethered in the grove,
And all about this sheltered dell
Great crowds seemed gathered from afar,
The towns and neighbourhood were there :
They were not drawn by vulgar pride,
World worship of a great man gone,—
Strange inward joy lit every eye
And e'en through depths of sorrow shone,
Love's deathless harvest by Penn sown.

That funeral vision fading, passed,
When lo, still backward fifty years
We saw two lovers near the wood,
Scarce fairer those in Eden placed.
And all who love them for their worth
Here see them still together walk,
In romance of their happy days,



*Jordans Hostel from the Grounds **



Rock Garden, Jordans Hostel

* Note 18, p. 327.

Jordans

In converse hallowed, sober, sweet,
Oft hand in hand through leafy lanes
Their presence felt, their lives a praise
To God, who gave their hallowed love.

Fair pilgrims from across the sea
Each summer thither find their way
To stand beside sweet Guli's grave
Above the mounds that hold her babes :
And men whose hearts are deeply stirred
By trial of faith and world woes still
Look down upon the great man laid
In this lone spot, within this shade,
Remembering this, in every land
He lives in liberties he won,
In steadfast courage, valour, truth,
In Christ's great love which victory gave.

The stillness of their resting place
The peace of this hushed solitude
Condemns neglect of what he taught
Of Europe's need, her great need still ;

Jordans

Condemns an old world now at war,
Cries to the Christ : ' Come Lord prevail ! '

Each true man dares who feels him near,
Nor fails if heartening by man be
The inspiration that he craves,
To firmly stand, to be set free
From fears that make men quail or shrink,
Forgetting God, omnipotent.
And women still their loved ones give
To service for the good of men
With gladness, as remembrance stirs
Of Christ's sweet grace in Guli Penn.

XXIX

FINALE

AND greatness !—Those are truly great
Who, as the centuries slowly pass,
Are found by each succeeding race
Near to the heart of human love ;
Ne'er for themselves here to have lived,
But, deep in secret mind and soul,
Christ to have chosen, and his cause ;
In whom temptation's withering touch
Found neither favour nor desire ;
Nor sufferings, nor imprisonments,
Could quench in them love's holy flame.

Yea, he found greatness who here lies,
The christian statesman's honour, fame
Of one who freed his fellow men,
Fought their fierce battles, wounded fought,
Till, shamed of base ingratitude,

Finale

His great love broke foe's bitterest hate :
Sought others good both first and last,
Wrought for oppressed of every land,
The red men o'er untraversed space
Who, of all white men, loved him best :
The negroes whom he strove to free ;
All nations as the church of God
And bride of Christ he witnessed forth ;
The greatest of his sect or age,
Whate'er the judgment of the schools,—
Great in God's power and majesty,
Great in life's true simplicity,
Great in heaven's sweet humility,
Great in a strong man's charity,
Great in Christ's peace beneficent.

He fell, but never knew defeat
Whose soul was set to victory ;
His name brings glow of triumph still,
A buoyant note, like bugle call
That rings out o'er the battlements

Finale

Of each entrenched and ancient wrong,
Pride's boasted strength, iniquity,
Defiance, unnamed infamy,
Perverting still the truth of God
And making brave men's hearts to fail.

A note of triumph and of hope,
A clear call ringing round the world,
Yea, to all nations a great call :—
' They are greatest who while living
Make their lives forever fragrant
In the grace of Christ's own spirit ;
Follow fully all His teaching,
Claim His victory, e'en through suffering,
Know the worth of earthly honours
When weighed in the heavenly balance ;
Make their whole life love's surrender
To the Christ, the world Redeemer.'

These the great who live forever,
Unto whom death is but passing
Through the portals of the present

Finale

Into that unseen hereafter
Jesus spoke of, ere he won it
'Gainst all powers of hell prevailing.

Such the lives that fill this romance
With a meaning and a message :
Reader search until you find it,
In the life of Penn the Statesman,
In his gracious Gulielma,
In the Saviour's love who blessed them.

Who is greatest ?—Those long laid
In these grass-grown ancient graves
Beneath dark overshadowing trees
Make answer from the unseen shades :—
' They are great who seek the light
And lowly follow where it leads ! '

Who is the greatest—whose the claim supreme ?
The world still asks, amidst the babel tongues
Of those professed the followers of Christ ;
But waits not with its ear upon the ground,
As sentinels that guard the citadel of life

The Grave Yard, Jordans, burial place of William and Guiliana Penn



Finale

Await deliverance, tread of conqueror's feet.
Who is the greatest ? asks the little child
Filled with its fresh young wondering eager
quest

And faith unclouded that all great are good :
The youth in days of early manhood's strength
And maiden, moulding his by her swift thought,
The question urge, vehement, for a clear reply,
And will not rest, insistent, if delayed.

And Thou alone canst answer, Christ of God,
And make effectual in each seeking soul
The message that shall meet and satisfy
These cravings for the mightiest, in us born
Not for base uses, nor that they should fail
Of their accomplished purpose to Thy praise.

Send then the witness of Thy spirit unto these,
As Thou didst send to those of long ago,
Even if again through sacrifice and pain,
Or persecution truth must be re-won.
In this grief-stricken, bleeding world
Lord speak Thy word to Galilee,

Finale

Make silence reign instead of storm,
Thy ' Peace be still ' drive out all fear ;
As Thou didst greatness show on earth
'Midst Thy own peopled Palestine,
Anoint to witness in all lands
All members of Thy living church,
That greater things, by Thy command,
Through these Thy glory may extend.

These lives long past, retold again,
Infragrance through young lives to-day,
Till cross of each becomes its crown,
Christ's glory shines through William Penn.

And Britain, you who greatness hold,
Two thousand years of storied fame,
The might of arms, the greater name
By strength of sturdy justice won,
Your Allies by example call you,
Your strong sons call from o'er the sea
And they are conquering where you halt,
They call to conquest in the might
Of the Lord God Omnipotent :

Finale

That you should purge out from your land
The curse that lays your strongest low
The base degrading doom of drink,
The orphan's grief, the widow's woe ;
And, clear-eyed, gauge for other fight
The forces of your manhood's power,
To set strong justice 'midst all lands,
Not by the lust of gain, nor pride,
Nor pomp of devastating war,
But in that which has made you great
God's reverence and your glory known
In castle, in your humblest cot,
In toilers, traders, seamen bold,
Excelled by none, inherent worth
That guards your strength, your British home.

And you fair Daughters, nations grown,
Who sprang from her your motherland
In romance of adventurous days
In enterprise that led you forth,
You first born, greatest in the west

Finale

To teach the world sweet tolerance,
And by the bonds that now have held
Their peaceful way one hundred years
Beside your sister o'er the Lakes
The strong chain of your varied States
To hold in God's great strength of peace ;
Grown great beside that Sister Land
And both pride of your mother home,
The Old world calls you, loudly calls,
Into her council for men's good :
To bring the freedom of your laws
Weave it with ours revered and old :
To bring the vastness of your plains
The teaching of deep solitude
From your untrodden forests wild
Into our close concourse of men.

And you Dominion, sister land,
Erst with her from this Island home,
In peace through all that hundred years
Dwelling beside the Eagle's nest,

Finale

Your wind-swept plains and frozen north,
Oft styled ' Our Lady of the Snows,'
Yet land of flaming maple leaf,
Blue bordered with fresh water lakes,
Your rolling prairies, wide seaboards,
Must send more than your fruits and corn :
Great your heritage and right
To help old lands all thraldoms free.

And you far Islands of the sea,
Brave sons born 'neath the Southern Cross,
We need more than your flocks and fruits,
The old world needs your strongest men
To shape earth's new great destiny,
Confederate for the good of all,
For greed or dominance of none !

And Russian Steppes and far Japan,
And China wakening from your sleep,
All, Latins, Teutons, Shemites, Slavs,
You dark with Afric's burning sun

Finale

God calls to you, prove ye are men,
The children of a Father's care,
Nor worse than beasts, to rend in twain
The earth God gave you to make one :
To drive out baleful enmity
The shame of doing others ill,
To bring in Heaven's sweet charity,
Love's greatness, conquering in us all.

NOTES

NOTE 1. Page 17.

Where converging lines that mark our island history.

William Penn was born on the fourteenth of October 1644 on Tower Hill, London, 'on the east side, within a court adjoining to London Wall.' See 'Sir William Penn's Life,' Vol. II. p. 615.

NOTE 2. Page 28.

*Seem to touch a moment and no more,
Yet in that moment's contact motions felt
Make each thereafter set toward greater things.*

Thomas Loe is 'described as a laick, an Oxford tradesman, and as having been connected with the University.' (Note 'The First Publishers of Truth'.)

In the absence of detailed particulars of this able and penetrating man, whose personality and messages wrought so impressively upon Penn, the description must be taken as showing the features and character from which alone such an effect would follow.

NOTE 3. Page 67. Of the original house known as 'The Grange,' Chalfont St Peters, little if any remains.

The present view is reproduced by the kind permission of John Leeming, Esq. This mansion stands within wooded grounds on the slope rising from the south side of the main road leading from Chalfont St Peters to Gerrards Cross.

It is said that here for a short time lived the infamous Judge Jeffreys before the erection of his house at Bulstrode: and further, 'that a portrait of the "Unjust Judge" was long preserved at the Grange under peculiar circumstances. Jeffreys had given strict orders that it was never to be removed from the walls of the house. After his disgrace, accordingly, it was removed to the cellar, fastened to the wall, and bricked in. So says tradition; but tradition says many strange things.' (Summers, 'Jordans and the Chalfonts'.)

NOTE 4. Page 72.

*Groves luxuriant with magnolia bloom
Where Boone, Kentucky's famous hunter, used to roam.*

The history of Daniel Boone; the redoubtable hunter and pioneer of Kentucky and of the middle west of America, presents many interesting features and characteristics of the resourceful and courageous men who made the early settlements in North America. It is well to be reminded of the simple strenuous life and the robust faith of those who laid the foundations of that great and now most populous English-speaking nation, stretching from the Atlantic seaboard to the Pacific ocean. Destined to take no unimportant part in the future councils of the world, its beginnings will well repay a thoughtful interest and examination. Some sixty years ago, before there was a railway across America, Henry T. Tuckerman, describing the pioneer life, wrote of Boone: 'This remarkable man, although he does not appear to have originated any great plans or borne the responsibility of an appointed leader

in the warlike expeditions in which he was engaged, possessed one of those rarely balanced natures, and that unpretending efficiency of character which, though seldom invested with historical prominence, abound in personal interest. Without political knowledge, he sustained an infant settlement; destitute of a military education, he proved one of the most formidable antagonists the Indians ever encountered; with no pretensions to a knowledge of civil engineering, he laid out the first road through the wilderness of Kentucky; unfamiliar with books, he reflected deeply and attained to philosophical convictions that yielded him equanimity of mind; devoid of poetical expression, he had an extraordinary feeling for natural beauty, and described his sensations and emotions, amid the wild seclusion of the forest, as prolific of delight; with manners entirely simple and unobtrusive, there was not the least rudeness in his demeanour; and relentless in fight, his disposition was thoroughly humane; his rifle and his cabin, with the freedom of the woods, satisfied his wants; the sense of insecurity in which no small portion of his life was passed, only rendered him circumspect; and his trials induced a serene patience and fortitude; while his love of adventure was a ceaseless inspiration. Such a man forms an admirable progenitor in that nursery of character—the West; and a fine contrast to the development elsewhere induced by the spirit of trade and political ambition; like the rudely sculptured calumets picked up on the plantations of Kentucky—memorials of a primitive race, whose mounds and copper utensils yet attest a people antecedent to the Indians that fled before the advancing settlements of Boone—his character indicates for the descendants of the hunters and pioneers a brave, independent and noble ancestry. Thus, as related to the diverse forms of national character in the various sections of the country, as well as on account of its intrinsic attractiveness, the western pioneer is an object of peculiar interest; and the career of Boone is alike distinguished for its association with romantic adventure and historical fact.

NOTE 5. Page 78.

Then she for a moment lingered by the Milton cottage gate.

In the charming old-world village of Chalfont St Giles, nestling amidst the hills of Buckinghamshire, with its old timbered houses, its ancient church originally built in Norman times, its rich store of association with famous families, its abundant cherry and fruit gardens, its sturdy, independent villagers whose housewives and daughters in olden times were noted for their lace-making, still stands the creeper-covered cottage that Ellwood secured as a home for Milton two hundred and fifty odd years ago. Its great chimney extending to the roadside, the seventeenth century appearance, the air of simplicity and naturalness, and its old garden well of deliciously cool spring water all contribute to make the setting of one of the most fascinating scenes of historic interest, even in a land so rich in them as our own. It is small wonder that visitors in ever-increasing numbers seek out this cottage even at a distance of some three miles from the nearest railway station; and carry with them life-long recollections of a charming shrine hallowed by memories of 'the blind poet, the passionate lover of liberty and fearless pleader for justice, the man who like blind Samson shook his locks in defiance of fate, and would not be cast down.'

There is indeed 'a tender pathetic charm about the place,' for here it was that Milton came in 1665 when the plague in London had driven him from his home in Artillery Walk near Bunhill Fields—a neighbourhood that about forty years ago became the London birthplace and has since been the chief metropolitan centre of that remarkable Sunday morning organization for world liberty, brotherhood and unsectarian Christian work, the Adult School Movement. To this cottage it was that Milton brought the manuscript of his great poem 'Paradise Lost,' begun in the year 1642, worked at continuously

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from 1658, and first published in August 1667, rather more than a year after his supposed leaving this neighbourhood. Thomas Ellwood in his autobiography gives the following account of Milton's tarriance here:—

'Some little time before I went to Alesbury Prison [for his Quaker faith], I was desir'd by my quondam Master, Milton, to take a House for him, in the Neighbourhood where I dwelt, that he might go out of the City, for the Safety of himself and his Family, the Pestilence then growing hot in London. I took a pretty Box for him in Giles-Chalfont, a Mile from me; of which I gave him notice: and intended to have waited on him, and seen him well settled in it; but was prevented by that Imprisonment.

'But now being released and returned Home, I soon made a Visit to him, to welcome him into the Country.

'After some common Discourses had passed between us, he called for a Manuscript of his; which being brought he delivered to me, bidding me take it home with me, and read it at my Leisure; and when I had so done, return it to him with my Judgment thereupon.

'When I came home, and had set my self to read it, I found it was that Excellent Poem which he entituled *Paradise Lost*. After I had, with the best attention, read it through, I made him another Visit, and returned him his Book, with due Acknowledgement of the Favour he had done me in Communicating it to me. He asked me how I liked it and what I thought of it, which I modestly but freely told him: and after some further Discourse about it, I pleasantly said to him, "Thou hast said much here of *Paradise lost*, but what hast thou to say of *Paradise found*?" He made me no Answer, but ate some time in a Muse; then brake off that Discourse, and fell upon another Subject.

'After the Sickness was over, and the City well cleansed and become safely habitable again, he returned thither. And when afterwards I went to wait on him there (which I seldom failed of doing, whenever my Occasions drew me to London) he shewed me his Second Poem, called *Paradise Regained*, and in a pleasant Tone said to me, "This is owing to you: for you put it into my Head, by the Question you put to me at Chalfont; which before I had not thought of."

In Professor Masson's 'Life of Milton' and in other works there are abundant details of the life of the great poet and scholar. A local work, 'Chalfont St Giles Past and Present,' by the Rev. Pownoll W. Phipps, M.A., notes: 'Milton was an early riser, getting up at four in summer and five in winter. He first had a chapter or two of the Hebrew Bible read to him, having trained his daughters to read sufficiently well in Latin, Greek, Italian, French, Spanish, and even Hebrew, without themselves understanding a word. He then worked, first in meditation by himself, and then, after breakfast, by dictation to an amanuensis. He dined at mid-day, and spent a good part of the afternoon walking in the garden, or playing on the organ and singing, or listening to his wife playing and singing. He then resumed work until six, when he received visitors until eight, at which hour he had supper, consisting of "olives or some light thing." . . . His favourite attitude in dictating was sitting somewhat aslant in an elbow chair, with his leg thrown over one of the arms. He would dictate his verses, thirty or forty at a time, to anyone that happened to be near, if his daughters were absent. His poetical vein was best from the end of September to the end of March. . . . He had been totally blind since 1652.'

The Milton cottage was secured to the public in the year 1887, and is controlled by trustees. It will be apparent to those familiar with Milton's life that he was no longer a resident of Chalfont, nor Ellwood living at Bottrells with the Penningtons—as he had been when Milton was there—at the time of Penn's first known visits to the village; but for the purposes of this narrative the writer has supposed a possible return visit of Milton to the neighbourhood and there again meeting with Thomas Ellwood. The illustration of Bottrells is reproduced by the kind permission of Mrs Ralph Heal.

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NOTE 6. Page 93. Milton's honeymoon was partly spent in writing a treatise on divorce.

NOTE 7. Pages 109, 201.

*As the course the torrent takes
Where Minnehaha leaves its birch-lined banks.*

The Falls of Minnehaha are situated on a small river of the same name, a tributary of the Mississippi, from which they are half a mile distant and not far from Minneapolis.

When the writer visited the Falls in 1883, the scene was one of exquisite natural beauty and fascination. A perfect sheet of sparkling water took its leap of sixty feet, gracefully shooting over a ledge of limestone rock, like a great bridal veil, behind which the visitor could pass from side to side. The whole setting of the romantic spot was beautiful beyond description, in its primitive simplicity surpassing all the picturesque descriptions of Longfellow's 'Hiawatha.' As one approached he heard the Falls 'calling to him from the distance' with ever-increasing distinctness before he was able to see them, and the reverberating sound of the falling waters echoed through the solitude of the primeval forest, at that time largely in its natural state. Then, suddenly, at a turn of the woodland pathway, the Falls, a sheet of white foaming crystal, burst upon the sight through the trees; while just below the basin, into which the waters plunge, a great precipice of rock gave vantage ground and a commanding view full in front of them.

There is a legend of an Indian maiden who leapt these falls when thwarted in her love for an Indian brave. The matchless Edda of a native race, 'Hiawatha' presents this peaceful spot as a scene full of life's purest emotion and ever-fragrant human interest. To fully appreciate the simile which the writer has used one must have visited the Falls.

NOTE 8. Pages 137, 141. Basing House, Rickmansworth, the residence of Dr R. W. Henderson, who has lived in it for fifty years, and by whose kind permission Penn's chair and the present house are reproduced, is upon the site of the smaller house to which William Penn took Gulielma as a bride. The original house probably stood behind the middle part of the present building, to which Dr Henderson made additions at either end. When they were making the excavations for the eastern wing they came upon stone foundations, evidently of an old monastic building. The Penn chair—'not a comfortable one to sit on,' says the owner—stands in the dining-room. The gateway upon the narrow street has its old-time appearance.

NOTE 9. Pages 154, 155.

*There seemed One in the form of old
Who to their need and comfort spoke.*

In the picture, 'The Presence in the Midst,' the artist, J. Doyle Penrose, R.H.A., represents Penn as the first male figure on the right side of the picture, and the one next to him, uncovered, is intended to represent George Fox.

In the Publishers' announcement of the reproduction of the picture the following description is given:—

'The subject is a Friends' Meeting for Worship, the period the seventeenth century. The scene is the historic Meeting-House at Jordans in Buckinghamshire, sometimes called the Westminster Abbey of the Society of Friends, for in the quiet burial ground adjoining lie interred the ashes of William Penn, Thomas Ellwood and other Quaker worthies. In the Ministers' Gallery the Artist has introduced a figure which might well be the revered founder of Pennsylvania, whilst the iron-grey locks and the time-worn profile of the figure next on the right recall one of the best-known portraits of George Fox himself. But all these human figures are after all a subsidiary part of the picture; they are the setting for its real purport and message—the Divine Presence in the midst. "Where two or three are gathered together in my Name, there am I in the midst of them." So Jesus told His followers, and this is the foundation upon which this "fellowship of silence" is built. Not all the worshippers realise the presence in the same way. To

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some it comes through the inward eye, to others, like Joan of Arc, and like the Quaker maid shown in this picture, whose gaze is held by the vision, it comes as an outward and visible manifestation. But to all alike the Presence in the midst is a reality, without which all worship would lose its meaning.'

NOTE 10. Page 163. About three miles from Billingshurst Station, on the road to Coolham, Sussex, up a narrow lane, stands the quaint Quaker Meeting House to which the Penns came in a bullock waggon from Worminghurst, some five miles distant, to worship. Perhaps nothing more surprises many, in learning of the personal life of the truly great, than the discovery of the humility of their lives and the simplicity of their tastes. In this little meeting house, formerly a cottage, the eloquent preacher statesman, able to hold vast gatherings, loved to meet with the few country folk which the small house would contain; and, it is said, so free and ready to the divine call was he that on occasion he began to address in ministry those assembled even as he entered the doorway. The illustrations from recent photographs show this interesting relic of Penn's times as it is at present, still in use as a place of worship and having over part of the meeting house rooms formerly used for the lodging of visiting Friends. Why the name the 'Blue Idol' was given to this place, standing in solitude at a distance from any main road, is not known.

NOTE 11. Pages 165, 167, 221. The site of Worminghurst, the Sussex home of William and Gulielma Penn, is reached from the old village of Steyning, on the railway between Horsham and Shoreham-by-Sea. It is about five miles distant, the road winding through most picturesque country until on the top of an elevation the interesting and historic site is seen, commanding a wide sweep of extended weald with the south downs farther away on the horizon. On the site now stand substantial farm buildings, and the road of approach this year was through a wheat-field of heavy-headed grain waving in the summer air and golden with its sunshine. The original stable and grooms' buildings, thick walled and heavy timbered, still stand; and unchanged to any degree is the magnificent view extending southward to which reference is made above; but the mansion has long since disappeared, although it may be that a small portion of its kitchen still remains forming the rear of the present farmhouse.

Howard M. Jenkins, in 'The Family of William Penn,' writes:—'Worminghurst was part of the inheritance of Guli from her father; she and her husband appear to have removed to it from Rickmansworth early in the year 1677, for in describing his departure for the Continental journey, he says, "On the 22d of the Fifth Month [July], 1677, being the first day of the week, I left my dear wife and family at Worminghurst in Sussex."

'The derivation and disposition of the Worminghurst estate have been variously alluded to in different works relating to Penn. His own letters, already cited, show that it was sold in the autumn of 1707, and that William Penn, Jr., was a party to the sale. The purchaser was a Squire Butler, and the property remained in his family until 1789, when it was allotted to Ann Jemima Clough, wife of Roger Clough, and by her it was sold in 1805 to Charles, Duke of Norfolk. The house in which William Penn lived appears to have been torn down by Squire Butler. (The tradition is that he "expressed the determination not to leave a trace of the old Quaker.") He built on its site, it is said, not long after his purchase, a large brick mansion, "and enclosed a considerable part of the parish in a deer park." But this mansion was itself pulled down by the Duke of Norfolk, "the lake dried up, the timber levelled, and the park converted into a farm. A Spanish chestnut tree of great magnitude, the last remains of the former grandeur of the place, was grubbed up in the year 1825; it measured, six feet from the ground, twenty-nine feet in circumference."

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NOTE 12. Page 199.

By a subject race composer.

The rendering of S. Coleridge-Taylor's 'Hiawatha' by the Royal Choral Society has year by year grown in favour and in appreciative interpretation under Sir Frederick Bridge.

In a notice of the life of Coleridge-Taylor, the 'most popular British musician of the present generation,' are the following lines:—'It records the romantic story of a poor coloured boy, the son of a West African negro medical man and an Englishwoman; his desertion by his father at an early age; his life at an elementary school and as a chorister; his studies and work at the Royal College of Music; his sudden rise into fame with his Ballade in A minor and his "Hiawatha," a choral work of remarkable originality and beauty which has been performed more widely than any other similar work written by an Englishman; and his career in England and America as a composer, conductor, teacher, adjudicator, conversationalist and friend. . . . The significance of Coleridge Taylor lies in the fact that he was the first musical composer of negro derivation to achieve classic rank, and not the least interesting side of the book is that dealing with his difficulties and aspirations as a negro.'

NOTE 13. Page 217. At the time Gulielma was writing the following letter, reproduced from the original in the possession of Wilfrid Grace, Esq., of Bristol, and shown on page 217, her husband was already on the ocean returning from America. He landed about the 3rd of October 1684, within seven miles of his home, Worminghurst.

WORMINGHURST, 24-6-84 [24 August 1684].

DEARE FRIEND M. F.,

In a sense of that love & life by wch we are united to God & made neer on unto another in him I most dearly salute thee, and deare Margret I cannot express ye sense I have of thy deare love & regard to me & my deare Husband, but its often before me with very great returns of love and affection, & desires of thy prosperity & preservation among God's people to their joy & comfort. I should be exceeding glad if it were my lott once more to see thy face but att present I see little liklyhood, yett methinkes if thou foundest a clearness & freedom in ye Lord it would be happie & thou wert neerer Thy Deare Husband & children but yt I leave ye Lords ordering & thy freedom, deare M. I had Thine about a mounth since, There has been great Reports of my Husbands being coming with Jo. Purvis A. Parkers Bro. in Law, but he is come without him, he brought letters & my Husband was then very well ye 8th, 4th, mo & he had some thoughts of coming, but when he did nott mention but it putts a stop att present to my goeing, but wth ye Lord I desire to leave it & comitt him & my selfe to his holy ordering. I truly rejoyce to heare Thou art so well & Thy Daughters & children & yt Tho. Lowther had a little time to see them. I perceive they are bad about you & yt thy sufferings are large but ye Lord can and I believe will make it up & in him is thy great reward for al thy many fold exercises, they doe begin to be troublesome in this county they have been pretty quiet heither to they have nott yett been heare but threaten it they say. I desire my very deare love to thy Son & Daughter Lower & to thy Son & Daughter Abrahams, we are all pretty well I bless ye Lord. My love is very deare to Thy selfe. a.v. Thy trully Lo. & affectionate friend,
GULL PENN.

NOTE 14. Page 229.

*. . . Edith Cavell conquered
Dying to free prisoned men.*

The military murder of Miss Edith Cavell by German authority at Brussels, in October 1915, swept the world with a feeling of horror and indignation almost without parallel.

The story of her noble work in the hospitals of Belgium will live with the

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imperishable deeds of like-minded, noble-hearted women, who, from time to time, have lifted the sordid world to a higher plane and to nobler views and plans of life.

“Miss Cavell was the directress of three hospitals—the St Gilles Hospital, the Ecole Belge at 149 Rue de la Culture, and also the Hospital de Page in St Georges Street, Brussels.

“She simply spent every minute of her life,” said one of the sister nurses, “from the time I first met her to the time we last parted in doing good for other people.” She was a magnificent organiser, and full of boundless energy, and her strong personality and tireless efforts in the interests of suffering humanity made everyone in Belgium and France love her. She was known, even in Germany, for her skill in training nurses and her natural gift for easing suffering. Nurses of all nationalities, including German nurses, came to be trained under her. Miss Cavell had an inexhaustible energy, and, in addition to her arduous labours throughout the day, she gave six lectures every week, four to the doctors and two to the nurses. Although her private staff of nurses were paid for by the better-class Belgians, the call of the poor people never came in vain, and she always helped them.”

At the time of her execution (it was said by the revolver of an officer when the firing squad did not aim at the martyr) Mr H. Wilson Harris, in an article in the *Daily News* wrote :—

“Germany has raised a statue to Von Hindenburg. England is raising a statue to Edith Cavell. The soldier who has slain his ten thousands is commemorated in mouldering wood, and the woman who healed, and saved, and died, in enduring marble. On the pedestal of the one is doubtless inscribed, in the specific words or their equivalent, “Deutschland über Alles.” And on the other must be written this—“Standing as I do in the view of God and of Eternity I realise that patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness towards anyone.”

“It is a strange paradox that in the midst of a limitless welter of slaughter, when all that is suffering shock, when the destruction of human life has reached a scale that numbs and paralyses the mind that strives to grasp it, an unknown woman's death should send a wave of horror surging through the world. And yet it is no paradox at all. We may have no logical reason to give for the universal instinct that sets violence to a woman on a different plane of crime from any violence to a man. We need none. The conviction rests on something in human nature deeper and more unerring even than reason. And that Miss Cavell was a nurse intensifies, if anything could intensify, the blackness of the crime. In time of prosperity and health we may pay no conscious tribute to the army of healing women in our midst. Yet a nurse's uniform is an unfailing defence against the insult of even a ribald word in foul slums where policemen never venture singly. It is not strange that the world should thrill with the horror of the Brussels murder. It would be incredible that it should not. . . . It is curious that England's last great war should have left for its chief memory a woman's name. Raglan and St Arnaud and Cardigan are already half-forgotten. Florence Nightingale will be eternally remembered. It is too soon to say the same with certainty of Edith Cavell. Yet the light kindled in the Brussels cell has qualities of endurance unknown even to the lamp that glowed in the wards of Scutari. “Patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness towards anyone.” . . . A compelling sanction attaches to words solemnified by impending death. Even the English law relaxes its immutable provisions to admit a deathbed testimony. And as her dying message Edith Cavell bequeaths the discovery that “Patriotism is not enough.” It is not that it does not matter. It never mattered so much. But yet it is not enough. And the witness comes from the lips of one of whom an enemy has testified that she died like

a heroine, dying gladly for her country. Overshadowing even the vision of the peril of England was the vision of the travail of the world. And is it the wider or the narrower vision that enshrines the greater truth? Standing where we stand to-day, the very fabric and texture of life blackened irreparably by the memory of Louvain and the *Lusitania* and of Edith Cavell herself, how can we speak of a patriotism that in itself is not enough, that cannot be enough till it is purified of all hatred or bitterness towards anyone? In what distant future shall we be able to say without hypocrisy what Edith Cavell said? Those who loathe most the very thought of war—many of them are fighting to-day or will be fighting to-morrow—those who have cheerfully accepted the reproach of pacifism, are asking nothing better than never to see a German face or hear German speech again. It is the story of Miss Cavell that drives to that—the story that rises to its imperishable sublimity in the affirmation that patriotism qualified by hatred and bitterness is not enough. . . .

'Not even the authority the words derive from their setting commends them if they are not true. But they are true. And their truth must be the rock on which the foundations of the new world are laid. . . . Already Russia and France and England have shared with one another, and learned and taught. The endurance of Russia, the splendid élan of France, the resolution of England, have been thrown into a common store, and meanwhile Russia, in thought and collective action, is exchanging fetters for freedom, France is fathoming new depths of her national soul, and we in England are overleaping the walls of our insularity, and learning to our infinite gain the meaning of a comradeship limited neither to our own islands, nor to our Empire, nor to the Anglo-Saxon race. Already the same bonds embrace Italy and Serbia and Belgium and Japan. Is peace, when it comes, to enlarge the bond and confirm it, or must the old individualism reign once more?

'There is a myopic patriotism that points one way; the patriotism that Miss Cavell—"standing in view of God and of eternity"—realised points another.

'And if the bonds are to enlarge before they are drawn close they will have to take in Germany, and Austria, and Turkey, and Bulgaria. Can that be? Can there be on those terms a peace that is not merely cessation from war, but a peace in which there is "no hatred or bitterness towards anyone"? The statue of Hindenburg typifies one answer to the question, and the statue of Edith Cavell the other."

NOTE 15. Page 230.

*They a monument have raised him,
Set in broad brim toward the sky.*

The city hall, Philadelphia, erected at a cost of sixteen million dollars, has a tower, completed in the year 1894, which is 'surmounted with a bronze statue of William Penn, thirty-seven feet in height, and five hundred and forty-seven feet above the pavement, the altitude,' it is said, 'exceeding that of any steeple in the world.'

When the writer visited Philadelphia in 1893 the huge bronze statue had not been raised to its dizzy elevation; and standing on the ground by the enormous figure of the Quaker, wearing his broad-brimmed hat, it seemed well-nigh incredible that it could be raised and supported at such a stupendous height at the top of the tower then being prepared for it.

NOTE 16. Page 261. This document, reproduced for the first time in facsimile from the original by the kind permission of J. A. Bright, Esq., of One Ash, Rochdale, is an appeal issued on behalf of Friends who had suffered loss by fire. It is dated about a month after William Penn's landing on his second voyage to America, and is signed by Thomas Ellwood, John Pennington and other well-known Friends. Appeals in cases of distress were not infrequent; and the prevailing practical Christian love and sympathy which existed, as shown throughout this document, in no small

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measure contributed to the wonderful work outside as well as within the Society which those early Friends accomplished.

DEAR FRIENDS & BRETHREN,

In the tendering love of God & living fellowship of ye gospel of our Lord Jesus Xt, we dearly salute you, & herby give you to understand, That an Epistle bearing date ye 25th of ye 7th mo. last from the Quarterly Meeting of friends in Berkshire was presented to, & now read in this meeting, setting forth ye great loss wch two friends, viz., Richd. Brown ye elder & Richard Brown the younger his son (living in distinct families, but near together, in ye parish of Thetcham near Newberry in Berkshire) have sustained by a violent fire wch brake forth on ye 29th of the 3rd mo. [May] last past, and tho it was in ye day time, & much help came in, yet hapning in ye time of ye great drowth when things were extream dry, it burnt down to ye ground all their dwelling housing & outhousing wth two Maltheuses four hundred quarters of malt ten quarters of barley some wheat, three thousand wood faggots & much other wood for fuel, as also Deal boards laths & much timber, (the sd Richard Brown senr. being by trade a Wheelwright) so yt little was saved, but some household goods, & tho some of ye grain was not quite consumed to ashes, yet was it good for little or nothing. The whole loss being computed was found to amount to nine hundred & twenty pounds & upwards whereby they, who before, through ye blessing of God on their Industry, were capable to exercise hospitality & charity themselves, as occasion offered, & were servicable in their places, have now little left to support themselves & their families. The Consideration of whose distressed Condition having deeply affected ye friends of ye County they have by their sd epistle recommended their suffering case to this Quarterly meeting, wth desire yt this meeting will recomend ye same to all ye faithful friends belonging to this County, yt such as desire give to be rich in good works, & are ready to distribute, may not miss of so inviting an occasion to do good and to communicate, wth wch kind of sacrifices God is well pleased. Which matter this meeting taking into weighty consideration, in a compassionate sense of the great losses, & thereby low condition of those of our suffering brethren do herby recomend ye same to ye several monthly meetings belonging to this County, yt friends may be stirred up in christian charity & brotherly kindness, to contribute freely to ye help & relief of those our suffering brethren, accordingly as the Lord hath enabled them & shall open their hearts thereunto. And wt shall be so contributed let it be brought to ye next Quarterly meeting; that from thence it may be returned to those friends in Barkshire in ye sd Epistle named & appointed to receive it. So comitting you to ye guidance of yt good Spirit, wch leads into & preserves in ye way of truth, we therein remain Your friends & Brethren met together at our Quarterly Meeting held at Weston Turfield for ye service of ye Church of Xt in ye County of Bucks this 27th day of ye tenth mo. (December) 1699.

Tho. Ellwood
Joseph Stevens
Tho. Olliffe
J. Pennington
Richard Markes
William Marks
Nicholas Larcum
Alex. Merick
John Cooke
Joseph Rose

Daniel Wharley
John Costard
James Smith
Thomas Redman
John Puddivatt
John Bigger
James Albright
Daniel Dancer
John Weedon

Joseph Welch
Henry Treadway
Will. Grimsdall
Thomas Cubbidg
Zach. Thornton
John White
Thomas White
Joseph Albright
Joseph Graveney
Tho. Edmonds

NOTE 17. Page 272. The following are extracts from Penn's able essay written, not from the point of view exemplified in the settlement of his own Province of Pennsylvania, but, as he expresses it, 'Toward the present and future peace of Europe,' under conditions prevailing in the year 1693 when it was first published. The extracts are taken from a reprint made by J. B. Braithwaite (Press of John Bellows, Gloucester) December 1914 in which the original spelling and placing of capital letters have been retained.

'He must not be a Man but a Statue of Brass or Stone, whose Bowels do not melt when he beholds the bloody *Tragedies* of this War, in *Hungary, Germany, Flanders, Ireland*, and at Sea: The Mortality of sickly and languishing Camps and Navies, and the mighty prey the Devouring Winds and Waves have made upon Ships and Men since 88. And as this with Reason ought to affect human Nature, and deeply Kindred, so there is something very moving that becomes prudent Men to consider, and that is the vast Charge that has accompanied that Blood, and which makes no mean Part of these *Tragedies*; Especially if they deliberate upon the uncertainty of the War, that they know not how or when it will end, and that the Expense cannot be less, and the Hazard is as great as before. So that in the Contraries of Peace we see the Beauties and Benefits of it; . . . It is a great Mark of the Corruption of our Natures, and what ought to humble us extremely, and excite the Exercise of our Reason to a nobler and juster Sense, that we cannot see the Use and Pleasure of our Comforts but by the Want of them. As if we could not taste the Benefit of Health, but by the Help of Sickness; nor understand the Satisfaction of Fulness without the Instruction of Want; nor, finally, know the Comfort of Peace, but by the Smart and Penance of the Vices of War: And without Dispute that is not the least Reason that God is pleased to Chastise us so frequently with it. What can we desire better than *Peace*, but the *Grace* to use it? *Peace* preserves our Possessions; We are in no Danger of Invasions: Our Trade is free and Safe, and we rise and lye down without Anxiety. The Rich bring out their Hoards, and employ the poor Manufacturers; Buildings and divers Projections, for Profit and Pleasure, go on: It excites Industry, which brings Wealth, as that gives the Means of Charity and Hospitality, not the lowest ornaments of a Kingdom or Commonwealth. But War, like the Frost of 83, seizes all these Comforts at once, and stops the civil Channel of Society. The Rich draw in their Stock, the Poor turn Soldiers, or Thieves, or starve: No Industry, no Building, no Manufactory, little Hospitality or Charity; but what the Peace gave, the War devours. I need say no more upon this Head, when the Advantages of Peace, and Mischiefs of War, are so many and sensible to every Capacity under all Governments, as either of them prevails. I shall proceed to the next Point. *What is the best Means of Peace*; which will conduce much to open my Way to what I have to propose.

'As *Justice* is a Preserver, so it is a better Procurer of Peace than War. Tho' *Pax quaeritur bello* be an usual Saying, *Peace is the end of War*, and as such it was taken up by O.C. for his Motto; Yet the Use generally made of that expression shews us, that properly and truly speaking, Men seek their Wills by War rather than Peace, and that as they will violate it to obtain them, so they will hardly be brought to think of Peace, unless their Appetites be some Way gratified. If we look over the Stories of all Times, we shall find the Aggressors generally moved by Ambition; the Pride of Conquest and Greatness of Dominion more than Right. But as those *Leviathans*

appear rarely in the World, so I shall anon endeavor to make it evident they had never been able to devour the Peace of the World, and ingross whole Countries as they have done, if the *Proposal* I have to make for the Benefit of our present Age had been then in Practice. The Advantage that Justice has upon War is seen by the Success of *Embassies*, that so often prevent War by hearing the *Pleas* and *Memorials of Justice* in the Hands and Mouths of the *Wronged Party*. Perhaps it may be in a good Degree owing to *Reputation* or *Poverty*, or some Particular *Interest* or *Conveniency of Princes* and *States*, as much as *Justice*; but it is certain, that as War cannot in any Sense be justified, but upon Wrongs received, and Right, upon Complaint, refused; So the Generality of Wars have their Rise from some such Pretension. This is better seen and understood at Home; for that which prevents a Civil War in a Nation, is that which may prevent it Abroad, viz.: *Justice*; and we see where that is notably obstructed, War is kindled between the *Magistrates* and *People* in particular Kingdoms and States; which, however it may be unlawful on the side of the *People*, we see never fails to follow, and ought to give the same Caution to Princes, as if it were the Right of the People to do it: Tho' I must needs say, *the Remedy is almost ever worse than the Disease*: The Aggressors seldom getting what they seek, or performing, if they prevail, what they promised: And the *Blood* and *Poverty* that usually attend the Enterprise, weigh more on Earth, as well as in Heaven, than what they lost or suffered, or what they get by endeavoring to mend their *Condition*, comes to: Which *Disappointment* seems to be the Voice of Heaven, and Judgment of God against those violent Attempts. But to return, I say, *Justice is the Means of Peace*, betwixt the *Government* and the *People*, and one *Man* and *Company* and another. It prevents *Strife*, and at last ends it: For besides *Shame* or *Fear*, to contend longer, he or they being under *Government*, are constrained to bound their *Desires* and *Resentment* with the *Satisfaction* the Law gives. Thus *Peace* is maintained by *Justice*, which is a Fruit of *Government*, as *Government* is from *Society*, and *Society* from *Consent*.

After treating of Government as the Prevention or Cure of Disorder, and the Means of Justice, as that is of Peace, Penn proceeds:—

'For this Cause they have *Sessions*, *Terms*, *Assizes*, and *Parliaments*, to overrule Men's *Passions* and *Resentments*, that they may not be *Judges* in their own Cause, nor *Punishers* of their own *Wrongs*, which, as it is very incident to Men in their *Corrupt State*, so, for that Reason, they would observe no Measure; nor on the other Hand would any be easily reduced to their Duty. Not that Men know not what is right, their *Excesses*, and wherein they are to blame, by no Means; nothing is plainer to them: But so depraved is Human Nature, that without Compulsion some Way or other, too many would not readily be brought to do what they know is right and fit, or avoid what they are satisfy'd they should not do: Which brings me near to the Point I have undertaken; and for the better Understanding of which, I have thus briefly treated of *Peace*, *Justice*, and *Government*, as a necessary *Introduction*, because the Ways and Methods by which *Peace* is preserved in particular Governments, will help those Readers most concerned in my *Proposal* to conceive with what Ease as well as advantage the Peace of *Europe* might be procured and Kept; which is the End designed by me, with all Submission to those Interested in this little *Treatise*.'

He next refers to a 'General Peace, or the Peace of Europe, and the means of it'; then as now a widespread though not always expressed desire:—

'In my first Section, I showed the *Desirableness of Peace*; in my next, the Truest Means of it; to wit, *Justice not War*. And in my last, that this Justice was the Fruit of *Government*, as Government itself was the Result of *Society* which first came from a reasonable Design in Men of Peace. Now if the *Sovereign Princes of Europe*, who represent that Society, or Independent State of Men that was previous to the Obligations of Society, would, for the same Reason that engaged Men first into Society, *viz.*: *Love of Peace and Order*, agree to meet by their Stated Deputies in a *General Dyet, Estates, or Parliament*, and there Establish Rules of Justice for Sovereign Princes to observe one to another; and thus to meet Yearly, or once in Two or Three Years at farthest, or as they shall see Cause, and to be stiled, *The Sovereign or Imperial Dyet, Parliament, or State of Europe*; before which Sovereign Assembly, should be brought all Differences depending between one Sovereign and another, that can not be made up by private Embassies, before the Sessions begin; and that if any of the Sovereignties that Constitute these Imperial States, shall refuse to submit their Claim or Pretensions to them, or to abide and perform the Judgment thereof, and seek their Remedy by Arms, or delay their Compliance beyond the Time prefix in their Resolutions, all the other Sovereignties, United as One Strength, shall compel the Submission and Performance of the Sentence, with Damages to the Suffering Party, and Charges to the Sovereignties that obliged their Submission. To be sure, *Europe* would quietly obtain the so much desired and needed Peace, to *Her harassed Inhabitants*; no Sovereignty in *Europe* having the Power and therefore can not show the Will to dispute the Conclusion; and, consequently, *Peace* would be procured, and continued in *Europe*.

'Of the Causes of Difference, and Motives to Violate Peace.

'There appears to me but Three Things upon which Peace is broken, *Viz.*: To *Keep*, to *Recover*, or to *Add*. *First*, to Keep what is Ones Right, from the Invasion of an Enemy; in which I am purely *Defensive*. *Secondly*, To Recover, when I think myself Strong enough, that which by Violence, I, or my Ancestors have lost by the Arms of a Stronger Power; in which I am *Offensive*; Or, *Lastly*, To increase my Dominion by the Acquisition of my Neighbour's Countries, as I find them Weak, and myself Strong. To gratify which Passion, there will never want some Accident or other for a Pretense: And Knowing my own Strength, I will be my own *Judge and Carver*. This *Last* will find no Room in the *Imperial States*: They are an unpassable Limit to that Ambition. But the other *Two* may come as soon as they please, and find the Justice of the Sovereign Court. And considering how few there are of those *Sons of Prey*, and how early they show themselves, it may be not once in an Age or Two, this Expedition being established, the Ballance can not well be broken.

'Of Titles, upon which those Differences may arise.

'But I easily foresee a Question that may be answered in our Way, and that is this; *What is Right?* Or else we can never know what is Wrong: *It is very fit that this should be Established*. But that is fitter for the Sovereign States to resolve than me. And yet that I may lead a Way to the Matter, I say

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that Title is either by a long and *undoubted Succession*, as the Crowns of *Spain, France, and England*; or by *Election*, as the Crown of *Poland*, and the *Empire*; or by *Marriage*, as the Family of the *Stewarts* came by *England*; the *Electer of Brandenburg*, to the Dutchy of *Cleve*; and we, in Ancient Time, to divers Places abroad; or by Purchase, as hath been frequently done in *Italy and Germany*; or by Conquest, as the *Turk* in *Christendom*, the *Spaniards* in *Flanders*, formerly mostly in the *French Hands* and the *French* in *Burgundy, Normandy, Lorrain, French-County, &c.* This last Title is, Morally Speaking, only Questionable. It has indeed obtained a Place among the Rolls of Titles, but it was engross'd and recorded by the Point of the sword, and in Bloody Characters. What can not be controuled or resisted, must be submitted to; but all the World knows the Date of the length of such Empires, and that they expire with the Power of the Possessor to defend them. And yet there is a little allowed to Conquest too, when it has the Sanction of Articles of Peace to confirm it: Tho' that hath not always extinguished the Fire, but it lies, like Embers and Ashes, ready to Kindle so soon as there is fit Matter prepared for it. Nevertheless, when Conquest has been confirmed by a Treaty, and Conclusion of Peace, I must confess it is an Adopted Title; and if not so Genuine and Natural, yet being engrafted, it is fed by that which is the Security of *Better Titles, Consent.* There is but one Thing more to be mentioned in this Section, and that is from what Time Titles shall take their Beginning, or how far back we may look to confirm or dispute them. It would be very bold and inexcusable in me, to determine so tender a Point, but be it more or less Time, as to the last General Peace at *Nimeguen*, or to the commencing of this War, or to the Time of the Beginning of the Treaty of Peace, I must submit it to the Great Pretenders and Masters in that Affair. But something every Body must be willing to give or quit, that he may keep the rest, and by this Establishment be forever freed of the Necessity of losing more.'

Of the composition of these Imperial States, the number of members of which, as an example, was suggested as ninety, Penn observes:—

'A great Presence when they represent the *Fourth, and now The Best and Wealthiest Part of the Known World; where Religion and Learning, Civility and Arts have their Seat and Empire.* But it is not absolutely necessary there should be always so many Persons, to represent the larger Sovereignties; for the Votes may be given by one Man of any Sovereignty, as well as by Ten or Twelve: Tho' the fuller the Assembly of States is, the more Solemn, Effectual, and Free the Debates will be, and the Resolutions must needs come with greater Authority. The Place of their First Session should be Central, as much as is possible, afterwards as they agree.

'To avoid Quarrel for Precedency, . . . if the whole Number be cast in Tens, each chusing One, they may preside by Turns, to whom all Speeches should be addressed, and who should collect the Sense of the Debates, and state the Question for a Vote, which, in my Opinion, should be by the *Ballot* after the Prudent and Commendable Method of the *Venetians*: Which, in a great Degree, prevents the ill Effects of Corruption; . . .

'To the other Part of the Objection, *of being at a loss for Soldiery as they were in Holland in 72.* The Proposal answers for it itself. One has War no more than the other; and will be as much to seek upon Occasion. Nor is it to be thought that any one will keep up such an Army after such an *Empire* is on Foot, which may hazard the Safety of the rest. However, if it be seen

requisit, the Question may be askt, by Order of the Sovereign States, why such an one either raises or keeps up a formidable Body of Troops, and he obliged forthwith to reform or Reduce them; lest any one, by keeping up a great Body of Troops, should surprize a Neighbour. But a small Force in every other Sovereignty, as it is capable or accustomed to maintain, will certainly prevent that Danger, and Vanquish any such Fear.

'I am come now to the last Objection, *That Sovereign Princes and States will hereby become not Sovereign: a Thing they will never endure.* But this also, under Correction, is a Mistake, for they remain as Sovereign at Home as ever they were. Neither their Power over their People, nor the usual Revenue they pay them, is diminished: It may be the War Establishment may be reduced, which will indeed of Course follow, or be better employed to the Advantage of the Publick. So that the *Sovereignties* are as they were, for none of them have now any Sovereignty over one another: And if this be called a lessening of their Power, it must be only because the great Fish can no longer eat up the little ones, and that each Sovereignty is *equally defended* from Injuries, and disabled from committing them: *Cedant Arma Togæ* is a Glorious Sentence; *the Voice of the Dove; the Olive Branch of Peace.* A Blessing so great, that when it pleases God to chastise us severely for our Sins, it is with the *Rod of War* that, for the most Part, he whips us: And Experience tells us none leaves deeper Marks behind it.

'I am come to my last Section, in which I shall enumerate some of those many **real Benefits** that flow from this Proposal, for the Present and Future *Peace of Europe.*

'Let it not, I pray, be the least, that it prevents the Spilling of so much *Humane and Christian Blood*: For a Thing so offensive to God, and terrible and afflicting to Men, as that has ever been, must recommend our Expedient beyond all Objections. For what can a Man give in Exchange for his Life, as well as Soul? And tho' the chiefest in Government are seldom personally exposed, yet it is a Duty incumbent upon them to be tender of the Lives of their People; since without all Doubt, they are accountable to God for the Blood that is spilt in their Service. So that besides the Loss of so many Lives, of importance to any Government, both for Labour and Propagation, the Cries of so many Widows, Parents and Fatherless are prevented, that cannot be very pleasant in the Ears of any Government, and is the *Natural Consequence of War in all Government.*

'There is another **manifest Benefit** which redounds to *Christendom*, by this *Peaceable Expedient*, *The Reputation of Christianity will in some Degree be recovered in the Sight of Infidels*; which, by the many Bloody and unjust Wars of Christians, not only with them, but one with another, hath been greatly impaired. For, to the Scandal of that Holy Profession, *Christians*, that glory in their *Saviour's Name*, have long devoted the Credit and Dignity of it to their worldly Passions, as often as they have been excited by the Impulses of Ambition or Revenge. They have not always been in the Right: Nor has Right been the Reason of War: And not only *Christians* against *Christians*, but the same Sort of *Christians* have embrewed their *Hands in one another's Blood*; Invoking and Interesting, all they could, the *Good and Merciful God* to prosper their Arms to their Brethren's Destruction: Yet their *Saviour* has told them, *that he came to save, and not to destroy the Lives of Men*: To give and plant *Peace* among Men: And if in any Sense he may be said to send War, it is the *Holy War* indeed; for it is to send against the *Devil*, and not the *Persons of Men*. Of all his Titles this seems the most Glorious as well as comfortable for us, that he is the *Prince of Peace*. It is his *Nature*, his *Office*, his *Work*, and the *End*, and excellent Blessings of his Coming, who is both the Maker and Preserver of our *Peace* with God. And it is very remarkable, that in all the *New Testament* he is but once called

Lyon, but frequently the *Lamb of God*; to denote to us his *Gentle, Meek, and Harmless Nature*; and that those who desire to be the *Disciples* of his *Cross and Kingdom*, for they are *inseparable*, must be like him, as *St. Paul, St. Peter, and St. John*, tell us. Nor is it said the *Lamb* shall lye down with the *Lyon*, but the *Lyon* shall lye down with the *Lamb*. That is *War* shall yield to *Peace*, and the *Soldier* turn *Hermite*.

'The **third Benefit** is, that it saves *Money*, both to the *Prince and People*; and thereby prevents those *Grudgings and Misunderstandings* between them that are wont to follow the devouring *Expences of War*; and enables both to perform *Publick Acts for Learning, Charity, Manufactures, etc.* The *Virtues of Government and Ornaments of Countries*. Nor is this all the *Advantage* that follows to *Soveraignties*, upon this *Head of Money and good Husbandry*, to whose *Service and Happiness* this short *Discourse* is dedicated; for it saves the great *Expence* that frequent and splendid *Embassies* require, and all their *Appendages of Spies and Intelligence*, which in the most prudent *Governments*, have devoured mighty *Sums of Money*; and that not without some *immoral Practices* also: Such as *Corrupting of Servants* to betray their *Masters*, by revealing their *Secrets*; not to be defended by *Christian or Old Roman Virtues*. But here, where there is nothing to fear, there is little to know, and therefore the *Purchase* is either *cheap*, or may be wholly *spared*. I might mention *Pensions* to the *Widows and Orphans* of such as dye in *Wars*, and of those that have been *disabled* in them; which rise high in the *Revenue* of some *Countries*.

'Our **fourth Advantage** is, that the *Towns, Cities and Countries*, that might be laid waste by *The Rage of War*, are thereby *preserved*: A *Blessing* that would be very well understood in *Flanders and Hungary*, and indeed upon all the *Borders of Soveraignties*, which are almost ever the *Stages of Spoil and Misery*; of which the *Stories of England and Scotland* do sufficiently inform us without looking over the *Water*.

'The **fifth Benefit** of this *Peace*, is the *Ease and Security of Travel and Traffick*: An *Happiness* never understood since the *Roman Empire* has been broken into so many *Soveraignties*. But we may easily conceive the *Comfort and Advantage* of travelling through the *Governments of Europe* by a *Pass* from any of the *Soveraignties* of it, which this *League and State of Peace* will naturally make *Authentick*: They that have travel'd *Germany*, where is so great a *Number of Soveraignties*, know the *Want and Value* of this *Privilege*, by the many *Stops and Examinations* they meet with by the *Way*: But especially such as have made the *great Tour of Europe*. This leads to the *Benefit* of an *Universal Monarchy*, without the *Inconveniences* that attend it: For when the whole was one *Empire*, tho' these *Advantages* were enjoyed, yet the several *Provinces*, that now make the *Kingdoms and States of Europe*, were under some *Hardship* from the great *Sums of Money* remitted to the *Imperial Seat*, and the *Ambition and Avarice* of their several *Pro-consuls and Governours*, and the great *Taxes* they paid to the *Numerous Legions of Soldiers*, that they maintained for their own *Subjection*, who were not wont to entertain that *Concern* for them (being uncertainly there, and having their *Fortunes* to make) which their respective and proper *Soveraigns* have always shown for them. So that to be *Ruled by Native Princes or States*, with the *Advantage* of that *Peace and Security* that can only render an *Universal Monarchy* desirable, is peculiar to our *Proposal*, and for that *Reason* it is to be preferred. . . .

'The **Seventh Advantage** of an *European, Imperial Dyet, Parliament, or Estates, is, That it will beget and increase Personal Friendship between Princes and States*, which tends to the Rooting up of Wars, and Planting Peace in a Deep and Fruitful Soil. For Princes have the Curiosity of seeing the Courts and Cities of other Countries, as well as Private Men, if they could as securely and familiarly gratify their Inclinations. It were a great Motive to the Tranquility of the World, *That they could freely Converse Face to Face, and Personally and Reciprocally Give and Receive Marks of Civility and Kindness.* An *Hospitality* that leaves these Impressions behind it, will hardly let Ordinary Matters prevail, to Mistake or Quarrel one another. Their *Emulation* would be in the Instances of Goodness, Laws, Customs, Learning, Arts, Buildings; and in particular those that relate to Charity, the True Glory of some Governments, where Beggars are as much a Rarity, as in other Places it would be to see none.

'Nor is this all the Benefit that would come by this *Freedom and Interview of Princes*: For *Natural Affection* would hereby be preserved, which we see little better than lost, *from the Time their Children, or Sisters, are Married into Other Courts.* For the present State and Insincerity of Princes forbid them the Enjoyment of that Natural Comfort which is possest by Private Families: Insomuch, that from the Time a Daughter, or Sister is Married to another Crown, Nature is submitted to Interest, and that, for the most Part, grounded not upon Solid or Commendable Foundations, but *Ambition, or Unjust Avarice.* I say, this Freedom, that is the Effect of our Pacifick Proposal, restores Nature to Her Just Right and Dignity in the Families of Princes, and them to the Comfort She brings, wherever She is preserved in Her proper Station. Here *Daughters* may Personally intreat their *Parents, and Sisters* their *Brothers*, for a good Understanding between them and their *Husbands*, where Nature, not crush'd by Absence, and Sinister Interests, but acting by the Sight and Lively Entreaties of such near Relations, is almost sure to prevail. They cannot easily resist the most affectionate Addresses of such powerful Solicitors, *as their Children, and Grand-Children, and their Sisters, Nephews, and Nieces*; And so backward from *Children to Parents, and Sisters to Brothers*, to keep up and preserve their own Families, by a good Understanding between their Husbands and them.

'To conclude this Section, there is yet **another Manifest Privilege** that follows this *Intercourse* and Good Understanding, which methinks should be very moving with Princes, viz., *That hereby they may chuse Wives for themselves, such as they Love, and not by Proxy* meerly to gratify Interest; an ignoble Motive; and that rarely begets, or continues that *Kindness* which ought to be between Men and their Wives. A Satisfaction very few Princes ever knew, and to which all other Pleasures ought to resign. Which has often obliged me to think, *That the Advantage of Private Men upon Princes, by Family Comforts, is a sufficient Ballance against their Greater Power and Glory: The one being more in Imagination, than Real; and often Unlawful; but the other, Natural, Solid, and Commendable.* Besides, it is certain, Parents Loving Well before they are Married, which very rarely happens to Princes, *has Kind and Generous Influences upon their Offspring: Which, with their Example, makes them better Husbands, and Wives, in their Turn.* This, in great Measure, prevents Unlawful Love, and the Mischiefs of those Intrigues

that are wont to follow them : What *Hatred, Feuds, Wars, and Desolations have, in divers Ages, flown from Unkindness between Princes and their Wives ? What Unnatural Divisions among their Children, and Ruin to their Families, if not Loss of their Countries by it ?* Behold an Expedient to prevent it, a Natural and Efficacious One : Happy to Princes, and Happy to their People also. For Nature being renewed and strengthened by these Mutual Pledges and Endearments, I have mentioned, will leave those soft and kind Impressions behind in the Minds of Princes that *Court and Country* will very easily discern and feel the Good Effects of : Especially if they have the Wisdom to show that they Interest themselves in the Prosperity of the Children and Relations of their Princes. For it does not only incline them to be Good, but engage those Relations to become Powerful Suitors to their Princes for them, if any Misunderstanding should unhappily arise between them and their *Sovereigns* : Thus ends this *Section*. It now rests to conclude the Discourse, in which, if I have not pleased my *Reader*, or answered his Expectation, it is some Comfort to me I meant well, and have cost him but little Money and Time ; and Brevity is an Excuse, if not a Virtue, where the Subject is not agreeable, or is but ill prosecuted.

'THE CONCLUSION.

'I Will conclude this *my Proposal of an European, Sovereign, or Imperial Dyet, Parliament, or Estates*, with that which I have touch'd upon before, and which falls under the Notice of every One concerned, by coming Home to their Particular and Respective Experience within their own *Sovereignities*. That by the same *Rules of Justice and Prudence*, by which Parents and Masters Govern their Families, and Magistrates their Cities, and Estates their Republicks, and Princes and Kings their Principalities and Kingdoms, *Europe* may obtain and Preserve *Peace among Her Sovereignities*. For Wars are the *Duels of Princes* ; and as Government in Kingdoms and States, *Prevents Men being Judges and Executioners for themselves*, over-rules Private Passions as to Injuries or Revenge, and subjects the Great as well as the Small to the *Rule of Justice*, that Power might not vanquish or oppress Right, nor one Neighbour act an *Independency and Sovereignty upon another*, while they have resigned that Original Claim to the Benefit and Comfort of Society ; so this being soberly weighed in the Whole, and Parts of it, it will not be hard to conceive or frame, nor yet to execute the Design I have here proposed.'

NOTE 18. Pages 278, 291, 295, 303.

. . . *The deep secluded dell
In Jordan's stillness . . .*

The Jordans Meeting House and burial ground has long been a place of interest to Friends and to a wider circle of visitors from America as well as to other lovers of liberty who have sought out the quiet resting-place of William Penn and his lovely Gulielma. The first property Friends possessed in this sheltered hollow amidst the high grounds of Buckinghamshire was a small plot for the burial ground ; but prior to their acquiring this a meeting for worship was held at the house of William Russell, known as Jordans Farm, and now the recently acquired Jordans Hostel.

From the 'Return of Conventicles,' made by order of Archbishop Sheldon in 1669, and preserved at Lambeth, it appears, as described in *Summer's Jordans and the Chalfonts*, that a conventicle was 'in the house of William Russel, where sixty or seventy persons of "inconsiderable qualitie," of whom Isaac Pennington was the "head or teacher," met for worship.' Although the burial grounds were purchased by Thomas Ellwood and other Friends from this William Russell in the year 1671, it was not until June 25th, 1688, that John Pennington, Isaac's eldest son, acting on behalf of the Society, made the further purchase from William Russell of 'a plot of ground called

Notes

Close Hedgerow, together with the Dell of wood therein, containing $1\frac{1}{2}$ acres. Also, a part of a close of land called Upper Well Close, containing 1 acre. Also the corner of a close of land called Coarse Hurdles, containing 1 acre 3 roods.' In the same year, as a conveyance from Pennington to trustees recites, he and other Friends had 'at their joint and common charge' erected upon it 'a certain house, cottage, and tenement' for the worship of God. This was the existing meeting house. Part of the Jordans Farm containing the house and farm buildings was purchased in 1911. The house, part of which is no doubt the original structure, and the barns have been carefully adapted to the requirements of a settlement hostel, which has already amply justified the purchase, affording excellent accommodation to parties visiting this historic spot.

There seems to be no certain information as to the origin of the name Jordans, but in a note by Mr Edward Marsh of Luton, given in *A History of Jordans*, by Miss Anna L. Littleboy, occurs the following:—'Jordan as a given-name and surname seems to have been fairly common all over England after the period of the Crusades. . . . A certain Agnes Jordan was the last Prioress of the Religious House of Sion, Middlesex. See her brass in the church of Denham, within five miles of Jordans.'

A few particulars of this famous order will be found in a work by the writer entitled *Acton, Middlesex*, page 338:—'Between Isleworth and Brentford in former times there existed the convent and monastery of Syon having accommodation for sixty sisters and twenty-five brothers of the order of St. Bridget. It is said that it stood at the head of convents for females, both in respect of its wealth, its learning, and its piety, and for a century and a quarter it had a prosperous existence. The estates of these Daughters of Syon were scattered over the country from St Michael's Mount, near Land's End, to Windermere and the Lakes. When suppressed by King Henry VIII. their income was equivalent to about £20,000, or about £250 for each member of the community. The site is now occupied by Syon House, the seat of the Duke of Northumberland, in whose family it has been ever since the suppression of the nunnery. The present Duke is further connected with this locality as an alderman of the Middlesex County Council.'

Those alike familiar with family names throughout Buckinghamshire at the present time and with those of early Friends in the districts influenced by William Penn, Isaac Pennington and Thomas Ellwood will have noted the frequency in which the connection between the two is distinctly apparent, although the lapse of time has naturally led to many slight variations in the names themselves.

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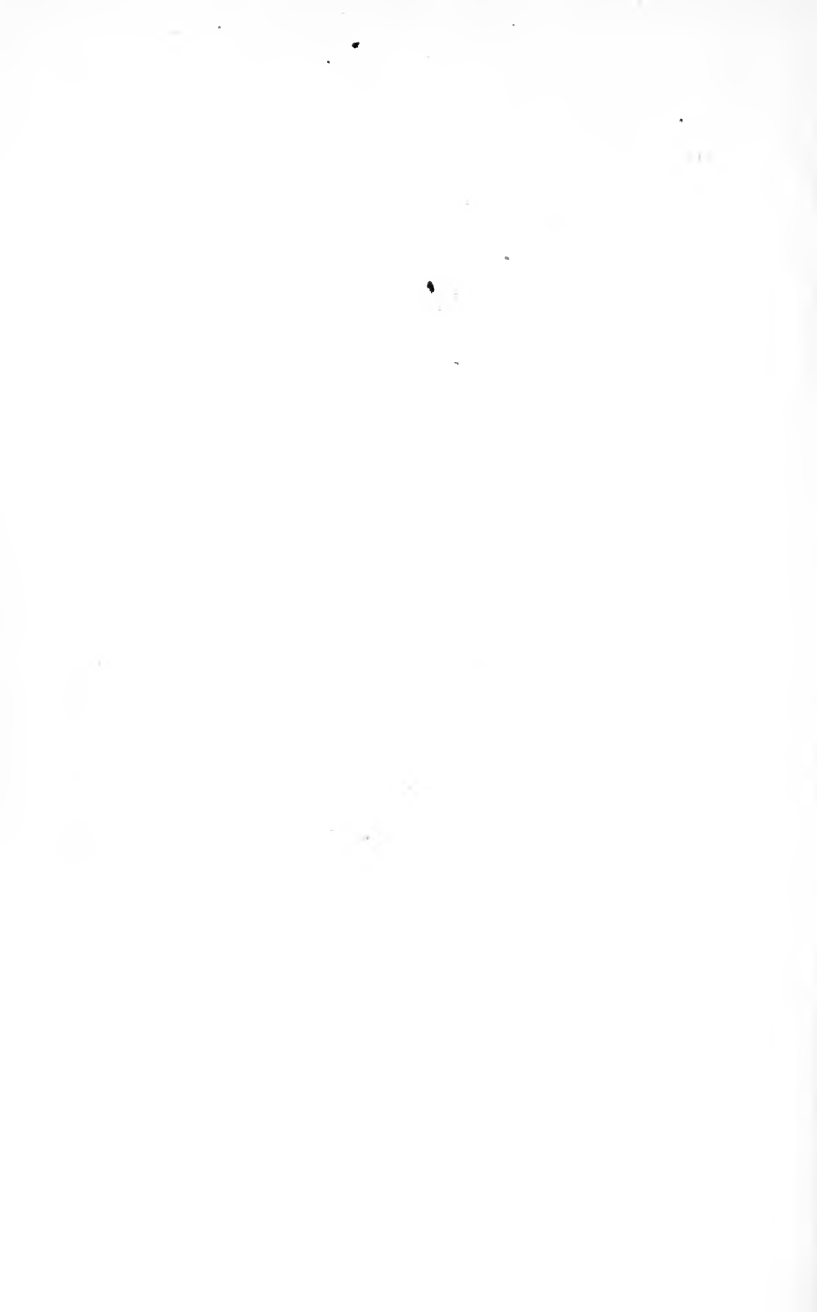
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